The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 48 NO. 2
FEBRUARY 1961
Lessons for May

To a Tall Pine

Lela Foster Morris

How many silver moons of long ago,
Lie sleeping under drifts of vanished snow,
Since you, a seed, tossed by the storms that pass,
Nestled and clung to earth among the grass?
And now, a tower of majesty and grace,
You stand upon this upland flowering place;
You know rose-tinted dawn, twilight, and dark,
You hear the mating song of wren and lark;
Whispered wind songs in your branches fair,
Scatter incense on cool waves of air.

Your deep green garments house small helpless things,
A nest of bluebirds with uncertain wings.
Perhaps on that long journey to the West,
Staunch pioneers stopped in your cool shade to rest;
A haven, then, a refuge, gracious tree,
Emblem of peace, shelter, security.

Serene you stand, fashioned by hand divine,
Mystic, ancient, and primeval pine;
Deep-rooted, firm in rock-strewn sod.
Looking, I know that I am close to God.

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From Near and Far

May I express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. This little but mighty Magazine has been a great inspiration and help to me since the passing of my dear husband and helpmate. It has given me hope and helped to point the way to a better and happier life. It stands apart from other magazines of today, with its messages from the Bible and the Prophet Joseph Smith. The stories are brimming over with good, homey subjects, full of reader identification.

—Dorothy R. Graeber
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am surely enjoying the November 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially the literature lesson on William Cullen Bryant. How often as schoolgirls we quoted "Thanatopsis." The lesson brings back fond memories.

—Frances S. Hahn
Tucson, Arizona

I take only three magazines, as I am not a reader of fiction magazines, but I like *The Relief Society Magazine* because of the information that it supplies. My lump of curiosity about people isn't large, but about ideas it is tremendous.

—Mrs. R. J. Owens
Bolinas, California

We feel that the worth of the *Magazine is beyond compare*. We love the beautiful covers, the stories, and poetry, the marvelous lessons, and the excellent articles by our own Relief Society leaders, as well as those by members of the Priesthood.

—Claire D. Ord
President
Union Stake Relief Society
Baker, Oregon

There is nothing like our *Relief Society Magazine* — so small, but so full of wonderful things to make our days brighter. Thanks from a convert to this wonderful gospel.

—D. V. Shafer
Salinas, California

Today I needed a lift, and it came — my December *Relief Society Magazine*. It is a most welcome caller, as it is always bursting at the seams with wonderful heartwarming stories, lovely poetry, and grand recipes. As soon as the *Magazine* arrives, I read it from the beautiful cover to the wonderful advertisements. May I say a special thanks to Sister Christine H. Robinson for the beautiful thoughts which she puts into the visiting teacher messages. I think each month she must be writing the messages especially for my benefit. And to Dorothy J. Roberts for her poem "Lombardy Poplars" in the September issue. I would love to see again the rows of poplar trees at home and walk down the street, kicking through their wonderful, crunchy leaves. Thanks, also, to Frances C. Yost for her story "Grandma's Surprise Packages" (in December). It was very beautiful.

—Kathryn Frischknecht
Corvallis, Oregon

I must pause long enough in the rush of this happy season to thank you for the "life-saving" little *Magazine*, which has been my favorite since a young girl, and I used to read eagerly every part of my mother's *Magazine*. *The Relief Society Magazine* improves with age. The truths are the same, but progress gives color, and when placed by each succeeding generation, as our stalwart pioneers and chosen present-day Church members record their thoughts and experiences on the pages of this periodical. The *Magazine* brings me comfort and inspiration in my work out here on the prairie away from my mountain home.

—Esther W. Easter
Rosemary, Canada

I do enjoy the *Magazine* very much and have read it since junior high school days. The literature in it is far above any other women's magazine on the market, and the editorials are always so timely. They seem to fit my exact need each month.

—Mrs. Lillie C. Clay
Nashville, Tennessee

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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The Rewards of Welfare Service

Marion G. Romney

Of the Council of the Twelve

I would like to say to Sister Spafford and the General Board, her counselors, and to the Relief Society workers throughout the Church that I deem it a high privilege to be requested to participate in your program. I thank you for the invitation.

I love the Relief Society work and the workers throughout the Church. They give inspiration and spirit and refinement, it seems to me, to everything they touch. One of the great joys that has come to me in my welfare service over the last quarter of a century or more, is my association with the General Presidency of the Relief Society. I am sure they stand high among the most elect daughters of our Father in heaven. They are all able and accomplished women. They have the spirit of the gospel in their souls and this spirit has clothed them with faith, hope, and charity.

Not only do I love the Relief Society workers but I love their assignment, particularly that part of it which distinguishes Relief Society's role from the roles of other auxiliary organizations in the Church. This role, said the Prophet, is for them to look after "the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and for the exercise of all benevolent purposes." For, he said, "The best measure or principle to bring the poor to repentance is to administer to their wants. The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls." To accomplish this, the Relief Society sisters "will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice."

Carrying out this assignment has always been a major part of Relief Society's activities. I think Jack Dempsey, in his writing about his family in Manassa, gave the ward teachers credit for what the Relief Society had done. He said:

> We were never hungry. Mormons are never hungry. They keep close check on one another through the visits of Mormon "teachers." A "teacher" can be a doctor, a lawyer or a candlestick maker. Even a teacher. He drops in, casually, and asks how things are going. Polite and easy, without prying.
>
> He reports back to the bishops on what he hears and sees. And if he has seen or sensed a bare cupboard it's filled before nightfall. Without comment.
>
> If the poverty is because of a lazy father the man is summoned for a most thorough, frank dressing down. Whatever the effect of the lecture upon the father, neither he nor his family are ever without food. And warmth.
>
> The Dempseys ate many a meal by grace of this silent, almost-but-not-quite-painless charity. And they ate and stayed warm that way in many a town long after Manassa was behind us.
>
> I'm proud to be a Mormon [he says] and ashamed to be the Jack Mormon I am (*Dempsey by the Man Himself*, pp. 16-17).

Now, in addition to the statements of the Prophet Joseph Smith,

which we have just quoted, we have another great fundamental principle to guide us in our Church welfare work. It was made by President Grant just twenty-four years ago, I think, today. It was in the October Conference in which he said:

> Our primary purpose [that is, in setting up the Welfare Program] was to set up, in so far as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of a dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift and self respect be once more established amongst our people. The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership (*Conference Report*, October 1936, page 3).

FROM this statement and those quoted from the Prophet, it is clear that the two great fundamental principles of Church Welfare in action are (1) to provide our needy brethren and sisters with the necessities of life; and (2) to give them opportunity to earn what they get. This has always been the Lord's way.

Reading the Old Testament recently to find out what it has to say about welfare, I was interested to discover that the Lord gave ancient Israel a welfare program soon after they came out of Egypt. It was a very simple program, for at that time their civilization was very simple. They had just recently been delivered from slavery. But simple as was the program, it had in it these two fundamental principles, and this is the way the program was stated:

> And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.
>
> And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger . . . (Leviticus 19:9-10).
>
> When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again . . . (Deuteronomy 24:20).
>
> . . . Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy . . . (Deuteronomy 15:11).

Ruth was working pursuant to this Old Testament welfare program when she gathered grain in the fields of Boaz. Of course, because of her appeal to Boaz, her beautiful character and other things attractive, she didn't have to work as hard as the others because Boaz instructed his men to leave it in handfuls. But in this simple program of leaving part of the harvest in the field, you have those who had, giving, and you have those who needed help working for what they got.

Now, in administering relief to the poor, we must never forget these two fundamentals. At the same time, we must be careful to perform our labors in the spirit enjoined by the Prophet when he said we must "pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed" in such manner as to "dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice." This rejoicing will be increased in the heart of the widow who has been permitted to earn what she receives.

Effective administration of relief to the poor is an art, and it is an art which every dedicated Relief Society worker will seek to perfect in herself. One of the things we could, with profit, improve upon at the present time is the ability to make a thorough analysis of family needs. It is our duty to do so. For want of

such analysis, help given is sometimes not the help most needed nor the help calculated to do the most good. Frequently, the need is not for food and clothing alone, but for instruction in management of the resources the family already has.

It would also be helpful if Relief Society presidents would inform themselves of community facilities for handling welfare problems. This would permit referral of those nonmembers who seek our help, as well as those not worthy to receive our help, to these facilities.

Another point which should be kept in mind in determining what help to give is that wherever possible needed assistance should be drawn from program-produced stocks in bishops' storehouses. This will free for other needs such cash as the recipients have. Too frequently the easy method of indiscriminately drawing upon fast offerings is adopted. The percentage of assistance given in cash as compared to that given in help drawn from the bishops' storehouses is too large. It must be carefully scrutinized and reduced.

PERHAPS the phase of our welfare work, however, in which improvement is most urgently needed is in finding proper employment for those receiving welfare help. Relief Society workers should always have on hand work opportunities for women and girls, both in gainful employment and in the bishops' welfare program. This will make it possible to help these women and girls assist their needy families by earning cash or by working in the program.

While it is not our purpose to put to work away from home mothers who should be home caring for their children, other women and girls who should be and are willing to accept employment should have the best opportunities available from which to select.

Mothers of children and the homebound have been and should be given something to do in the home. They should be given work right through the year. They will feel happier with a full-time job and they will then be in fact self-sustaining.

Now, I have many illustrations that I could give you but the time will not permit. Suffice it to say that the opportunities for employment are limitless. The ingenuity of the Relief Society sisters, if applied with all their hearts, will find a solution to every need, for the Lord will add his inspiration. One indirect way to furnish needed employment is to increase the distribution of welfare blankets.

Your Relief Society Presidency has recently written you a letter in regard to this matter and in that letter, with other things, they said:

> . . . the Deseret Industries . . . has been given an assignment by the General Church Welfare Committee to produce blankets for welfare purposes which relieves the Relief Societies of making quilts for families in need. In order to operate the plant successfully, a minimum number of blankets must be produced daily, which number is in excess of the amount presently needed for welfare. The excess blankets are being made available for sale. Relief Society has been asked to lend its support in selling this margin of blankets.

And then under date of August 23 of this year, they wrote you another letter expressing their appreciation for the response you had

given to this request and in it they said:

> . . . this service has assisted the mills to remain in operation to provide (1) work for the handicapped, (2) blankets for the welfare program, and (3) blankets for emergency use in disaster areas. . . .

Recently we sent 2500 of those blankets to Chile in connection with the disaster there. We had quite a time getting them down there because of the difficulty in transportation. Finally, we received a letter from President Sharp who said that they had recently arrived. And he said they had been in the "wet" so that the cartons in which they were packed were all gone, but, fortunately, because of the way they had been packed, the blankets were all dry, and he said the welfare workers, the Red Cross workers, in Chile, were amazed at the condition in which these blankets had arrived.

Now, I would like to add my appreciation to that of the General Presidency of Relief Society for what you have done in this matter, and I want to emphasize the fact that eighty-six per cent of the work that is done in the Deseret Industries is done by handicapped people, people incompetent to hold jobs in gainful employment. If each ward and independent branch (will you make note of this) will dispose of six blankets a year, a major contribution to the employment program will thereby be made.

NOW, the third and last suggestion for specific improvements that I will take time to mention is the hope that the know-how of you stake and ward workers in home planning and in home storage of necessities will be taught to all of the women of the ward, giving encouragement and promoting interest in this important phase of the welfare program. Impending trouble ahead makes this a most urgent matter.

Now, as you will suppose from what has been said, the saving of souls through Church welfare activities demands diligence, endurance, patience, and that charity which is "the pure love of Christ." It means painstakingly and laboriously teaching the elementary principles of cleanliness, the simplest principles of hygiene, of sewing, of cooking, and of other arts of homemaking, and above all, it requires conversion. First, it requires conversion of the Relief Society workers and then the conversion of those whom you are seeking to save.

Does it sound like drudgery? Well, there will be a lot of drudgery in it so long as what is done is done only because of the assignment — "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I am persuaded that in some of our welfare work there is too much drudgery and not enough joy. I remember hearing of the old story of three men working with a building crew and they were each doing the same work. One of them was asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I am carrying brick." And the other one was asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I am working for eight dollars a day"; and the third when asked the same question said, "I, sir, am building a temple."

Service performed in the spirit of the one who was building a temple brings joy. That performed in the spirit of the first two is drudgery.

It will, of course, enable us to fill our reports out and it may, to an extent, relieve us of the uncomfortable feeling of having something hanging over us undone. But the true joy of service in the Master's cause it will not bring. To participate in that joy is to taste of "the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men," which Nephi described as "the most desirable above all things," to which the angel responded, "Yea, and the most joyous to the soul."

In the wisdom of him who knoweth all things, such joys are reserved for those who have qualified themselves to receive the joy, by entering into the work with full purpose of heart and rendering service above and beyond the call of duty. These joys are of divine origin. They are priceless. They are not the fruits of a superficial, hurried, spare-time performance. The Master said if one would really find his life, he must lose it in the service of others, and that he who sought his own life in serving his own self-centered interests would lose that life.

Yes, my beloved co-workers, the real joys of welfare service begin to be revealed to us when we have completely surrendered ourselves to the spirit of the work; when in service to others we have forgotten the great sacrifices we think we are making; when we cease to begrudge the loss of pleasures we might have received in other activities. They are revealed to us when, partly as a result of our own labors, we see the rejuvenated life in one who was lonely, restored to the company of understanding, sympathetic friends; or in one discouraged, taking heart again; or in one who has fallen, rising again by her own strength; or in one who had quit, trying again; or in one who was bitter and rebellious, beginning to soften under the benign influence of the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Herein lies happiness akin to divine joy, because it arises from that divine service which promotes the Lord's great objective "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39).

NOW, in conclusion, I will get to the topic that the presidency suggested to me. They said in their letter, inviting me to make these remarks, that I might say something about how welfare work develops character. Perhaps all that need be said on this point is to name a few of our leaders who have been closely associated with the welfare program, Presidents Heber J. Grant, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay, for example. These great characters constituted the First Presidency at the time the welfare program of today was inaugurated. Others are Elders Harold B. Lee and Henry D. Moyle, who, under the First Presidency, have carried the burden of Church welfare for the last twenty-five years.

Your own illustrious President, Sister Spafford, a stateswoman without a peer, is recognized and honored locally, nationally, and internationally for her leadership in welfare work.

That the Prophet Joseph died with welfare principles on his mind is evidenced by the fact that as he approached martyrdom in Carthage

Jail, he had John Taylor repeat his singing of his favorite hymn "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief." I wish I had time to read all of those fourteen verses to you, because through each one of them runs our welfare theme as they emphasize in one great crescendo three great truths.

First, that administering to the distressed is administering to Jesus himself. In several places in the scriptures the Lord said that if we would administer to him, we must administer to his poor, for he said that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And the second truth is that administering to the distressed brings joy; and the third, administering to the distressed develops Christ-like character.

Jesus, himself, even as he hung on the cross, taught a great welfare lesson. Looking down and seeing his mother and John, his beloved, "standing by . . . he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother." Neither John nor Mary missed that lesson, for the record concludes, "From that hour that disciple took her unto his own home" (John 19:26-27). He didn't send her unto another.

May each of us experience the character development and the joy to be gained through administering relief to the poor and the humble, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Blacksmith

Ida Elaine James

He is the one whose steady friend is flame,
Bringing to form his visions numberless.
Black coals burst red, a mass without name
Conforms to beauty, shape, and usefulness.
He shapes a purpose living in his brain —
A crippled horse befriended — each to his need —
Wrecked wagonwheels' lost web restored again,
And what was static he has changed to speed.

Wielding the power of metamorphosis,
Conquering iron, cold, then malleable,
Thence to creation's mold — achieving this
Blackness to light, he rounds the cycle full.
The blacksmith and his anvil, hammer-chimes,
Repeat an old, old pattern countless times.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Happety Road

Hazel K. Todd*

HAZEL K. TODD

"I need to go down the Happety Road," the little girl said, gazing earnestly up into Mary Ellen's wrinkled face, "cause Ginger was scared of Joe and squatched my finger."

She held up the injured appendage with only the faintest red mark across its tiny tip.

"Sure enough you do," Mary Ellen said with her tongue in her cheek.

She picked the little girl up and carried her to the old rocking chair before the great fireplace. As she went, she was conscious of Joe standing silently against the wall by the open door, but she made no sign that she knew he was there.

"You shouldn't hold that old cat," she said.

Then, sitting down, she placed the child securely upon her two knees so that she could look into her face. And, holding to her two small hands, she joggled her knees up and down as she rocked, and sang in a firm voice, a product of long years of practice,

It's wonderful to travel the Happety Road,
High up on a rock-a-bye knee,
For all whom you meet are singing a song,
And are happy as happy can be.

She winked at the child and loosened one finger to tap the small round nose,

There's a round jolly elf with a curly-cue nose,
And bells on his twinkling toes,
And he tickles his ribs with his flappety hands,
And laughs wherever he goes.
There are ducks who giggle as they waddle along,
And beetles and mermaids and toads. . . .

She rocked the little girl, now laughing merrily, on through the remainder of the jingle to the last,

But the best of it all is the Make-it-well Fairy,
Who kisses the hurts all away. . . .

Mary Ellen raised the tiny scratched finger to her lips and kissed it, and finished the song,

So now you jump down from the top of the knee,
And forget where you hurt, and go play. . . .

The little girl slid from her knees

*For a biographical sketch of Mrs. Todd, see page 105.

and ran happily out the door to the other children.

Mary Ellen sat for a minute with her eyes on the empty door where Lindy had disappeared. Two round tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks and she dabbed at them with the corner of her apron.

"Silly old goose," she muttered to herself, "crying because you've grown too old to play nonsense games with the orphans any more."

She stood up determinedly and straightened her apron as she walked to the window.

"But it's Joe that makes it so difficult," she said, looking out into the garden.

She could see him now under the sprawling old crab apple tree. He was sitting there against the trunk while he dug, without looking, in the dirt with a stick.

WHAT would Joe do without her! With the years she had always known there would come a time when she could no longer serve as matron of the orphanage. Thirty years, this time had been edging nearer. But Joe. . . .

Her thoughts flew back over the seven years to the night Joe came. It was autumn, a windy night with leaves whirling through the trees. Everyone else was in bed, and Mary Ellen was sitting reading by the fireplace when the knock came at the door. As she opened it, a gust of wind nearly blew the small boy into her arms. She would always remember his frightened little face as he shoved the note into her hands.

The note was a torn piece of wrapping paper with a few words scrawled across it: "His name is Joe. Take care of him."

That's all there was. Mary Ellen looked behind him, down the row of dark trees that bordered the driveway. It was empty except for the leaves that fluttered like phantoms across the bare space. Anyone could be hidden in the shrubs and trees. But what did it matter! She looked down at the pitiful little figure, at his thin patched coat, and his bare feet. He dropped his eyes and she saw that he was crying without making any sound. In that moment there was born in her a closeness to him that she knew would always be with her.

She reached out and took his hand. "How old are you, Joe?" she asked kindly.

But he did not say. Instead, she felt him shaking.

Maybe five or six, she thought.

She tried once more. "Who brought you?"

"Nick," he said so low she could barely hear.

Nick could be anybody. Father? Brother? The milkman? No, not the milkman. He had probably never tasted milk. Mary Ellen never in all the years knew who Nick was.

Joe was not like other children. Mostly he played alone, if he was not with her. He followed her, if not with his person, then, with his eyes. If she ever wanted someone to run an errand, it was Joe who heard her request first.

The "Happety Road" song seemed important to Joe, from the first. It was a jingle that had grown in snatches and bits through the years as she comforted the children with their various hurts and grievances, until it became a tradition. So that all the children clamored for the song down the "Happety Road," with anything that went wrong, whether it was real or made up.

Its first introduction to Joe was only a few days after his arrival. Billie had fallen from trying to climb the crab apple tree and made his nose bleed. So Mary Ellen was soothing him with the song. She saw Joe watching her intently from behind the big chair where he had secluded himself.

After Billie, Susan came with a bumped head, and then Jill with her severed tooth on the end of a string. Joe came timidly to her from his corner. He was too frightened to say anything, but he motioned to her knee. And Mary Ellen lifted him up to the cherished spot while she struggled to keep back the tears as she sang.

WHEN she leaned down and kissed the top of his head for the Make-it-well Fairy, he slid down and ran behind the chair and stayed the remainder of the day. He never again asked or accepted an invitation down the "Happety Road." But whenever she sang it to any of the other children, she learned that he would be watching from some hiding place.

Through the years he had lost some of his fear. Sometimes he laughed and played with the others. But there were times when he sat morosely by himself in some corner. The talk now of Mary Ellen's leaving soon, seemed to have driven him completely into his shell.

Only once had anyone ever wanted to adopt Joe. Always the ones who came seeking for children would pay little attention to him. Perhaps some remark, like "Doesn't he get along?" or "Such a plain little fellow."

But there was an older couple a month ago, barely within the age limit for adopting children. "A little girl," the lady said, "maybe three or four years old."

Joe was standing away from the others under the crab apple tree. He always went some place away from the others when there was someone to see the children.

The slightly plump little lady had a sweet face with big, childish blue eyes. She saw Joe standing under the tree.

"Who is he?" she asked. "He looks lonesome. May we talk to him?"

Mary Ellen looked at her quickly. "Why, of course," she said, and called to him.

But he didn't come.

Then she called again and he came hesitantly.

"These are the Watsons, Joe," she said.

Joe didn't say anything.

"Jim," the woman said, turning to her husband, "I wonder if it wouldn't be better, at our age, to have an older child?"

Mary Ellen started a little. It was difficult at best to place an older child. She had never expected anyone to adopt Joe. She looked at the woman who was smiling in such a pleasant sort of way.

"But, Molly, you always wanted a little girl," her husband said. He was a pleasant little man with a round, boyish face. It was very plain that he adored his wife.

"But he looks so lonesome. And he must be just the age of the Johnson boy next door. They could be pals."

Mr. Watson looked at her fondly. "The boy is fine with me," he said.

Mary Ellen's eyes were on Joe, wondering what he would do. He stood a moment, the color draining

from his face. Then he looked beseechingly at Mary Ellen. "No, thank you," he said, "I want to stay here."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Mrs. Watson said, "the moment I saw you I was sure you were the one we wanted." She reached out her hand to touch his arm, but he moved away.

Everything inside Mary Ellen seemed to be churning. "Joe," she said, "I locked Ginger in his pen. Would you turn him out?"

He turned quickly to do as she asked.

AFTER he had gone she faced the Watsons apologetically. "I'm sorry. You see Joe is different from the other children. I'm sure he didn't mean to be rude."

"Oh, that's quite all right." Mrs. Watson smiled sweetly. "We can wait a few days until he gets used to the idea, couldn't we, Jim?"

"Perhaps I can talk to him," Mary Ellen said, "we like our children to go willingly."

But she was wondering what she could say.

She found him on the garden bench staring into the crab apple tree.

He made no sign to acknowledge her presence.

Mary Ellen sat beside him, ignoring his silence. "Someone always coming and someone always going," she mused. "Remember Sue with her golden curls?"

She glanced at him, but he paid no heed.

"Before you came there was little lame Peter and the twins that we couldn't tell apart."

She paused again, but he just sat looking into the apple tree.

"They couldn't all stay with us, Joe. Look at the people in the homes, besides us in the orphanage, that they made happy."

Suddenly he burst out, "It's not happy out there!"

"Why, Joe, many of them have come back to tell me."

"No!" he said, excitedly. "It's mean and ugly and. . . ." He broke off suddenly.

Mary Ellen stared at him. It was the first time, but he must be referring to those dark years before he came to the orphanage.

"Believe me, Joe," she said tenderly with her arm around him, "it isn't all that way."

She could feel him trembling.

"Remember the 'Happety Road,' Joe?"

He turned and looked at her sadly. "It's only here that you pretend there are round jolly elves and beetles that laugh."

"Joe!" she said.

"What do you have to go for?" he demanded suddenly.

She hesitated and then answered thoughtfully. "Things change, Joe. It's life. We grow from one thing to another. Neither of us is the same as we were yesterday or last year. Mrs. Bradley will take my place. And then sometime somebody will take hers."

He said nothing.

"You will come and see me? We'll do lots of things."

He smiled a forlorn half smile that she was sure meant nothing.

JOE remained in his shell. Twice the Watsons called, but Mary Ellen could only suggest that they wait a little longer.

And then it was the last night, and the orphanage was having a party for her. They were gathered

on the big green lawn, all the children dressed in their finest clothes, with fancy hats that Mrs. Bradley had helped them make.

"Silly old thing," Mary Ellen scolded herself, as she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, "do you want all these children to see you crying?"

With a determined swallow she cleared the lump from her throat. She winked at Jimmie, seated nearby, who grinned shyly and covered his face with his arm to hide an embarrassed giggle. Then, parading sprightly around the circle, she patted a head or lifted a chin or tweaked a nose, stopping here and there with some gay remark.

"Now, Lula, don't ever let me hear of your sliding down the banister and bumping your knees. It's a long way for me to come hurrying back to take you down the 'Happety Road.'

"Benny, no more climbing the crab apple tree. After all, you aren't a monkey because you haven't a tail.

"Jerry, be sure you wash your freckles, all of them. No skipping the two under your chin."

So she went around the circle. And then she stopped and looked back around it again. "Where is Joe?" she asked.

Mrs. Bradley looked around concernedly. "He must not be far away. You know Joe."

"He went down the driveway. I looked at him," Lindy said.

A feeling of uneasiness spread over Mary Ellen. She quickly put it out of her mind. Joe often walked down the driveway. "I'll catch him watching from behind the crab apple tree," she said to herself.

But all through the party she watched in vain for some indication that he was near. Nor was he to be found after the party. Everyone was searching now, all through the garden and the orchard, in the house and the tool shed, and in every possible crack in the playground, but Joe was gone.

Mary Ellen sat down on the garden bench with a great heaviness hanging over her. In all her years at the orphanage no child had ever run away. No child had ever wanted to, that she knew of. Outside of the ordinary problems, the children were happy here.

Poor little Joe! Would the police be able to find him? Certainly she would never leave until he was found.

BY the fourth day Mary Ellen was terrified.

"Maybe old Reddy Fox put him in his bag and carried him away like the little Red Hen," Lindy said with wide eyes.

Mary Ellen smiled faintly at the little girl. "The old fox couldn't get out of the storybook, Lindy," she said, patting the shiny head.

But the suggestion sent a chill through her. Joe could have met with foul play. He had never before been away from the orphanage, except with other children under strict supervision. He would not know the dangers of untrustworthy persons.

And then he came back. It was the fifth night. Mary Ellen was sitting on the garden bench utterly dejected. It was getting dusk. A stiff breeze had come up, moaning softly in the crab apple tree. Here and there a leaf or petal from a flower went sailing down the driveway. Mary Ellen thought of the

night Joe had come, with the leaves blowing and of his frightened little face. Perhaps if she had tried harder to find what lay behind that night at the orphanage door with the meager note, perhaps she could have helped him more.

Then, suddenly, she saw him watching her through the branches of the tree.

"Joe!" she cried, getting to her feet. "Joe, where did you come from? Where have you been?"

His clothes were soiled, and his slim face even thinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, lowering his eyes, "but I had to go."

"You had to go? What do you mean?"

"I had to go out there somewhere." He looked briefly toward the driveway.

"But why?" she asked, bewildered.

"I had to find out."

"Find out? What — what did you find?" she asked, wonderingly, and pulled him gently down beside her.

He smiled. "I found a man with a banana cart. He whistled as he went along. And he gave me a banana. I was very hungry."

Mary Ellen wiped the tear quickly from her eye and thanked the banana man silently in her heart. "What else did you find, Joe?"

"A — a baby in a buggy in the park by the bushes where I slept. It had a bonnet with a ruffly ribbon. Its mother sat by me on the park bench. And she asked me to watch the baby a minute while she went to get her little boy from the wading pool. The baby laughed when I looked into its face."

Mary Ellen wiped her eyes again and whispered a little prayer for babies.

"I found some boys playing ball. They needed another player, and they told me to play because I was standing by the fence watching. It was fun."

Mary Ellen could no longer stop the tears from streaming down her cheeks. She was glad it was quite dark now. She could only tighten her arm around his shoulder.

But, presently, she said, "I'm so glad you went, Joe."

"Do you think those Watson people would still like to adopt me?" he asked then.

Mary Ellen's heart pounded joyfully. "I'm so sure they would. Only today they called."

She started to rise, but he hesitated.

"Mary Ellen. . . ." He paused. "Once a long time ago I asked you to sing to me like the other children. But the things I had known were so — so bad, I didn't want to any more. I just always wished it could be true for me like the others." He turned to her and his eyes were shining in the moonlight. "Could you please just sing me the 'Happety Song?' "

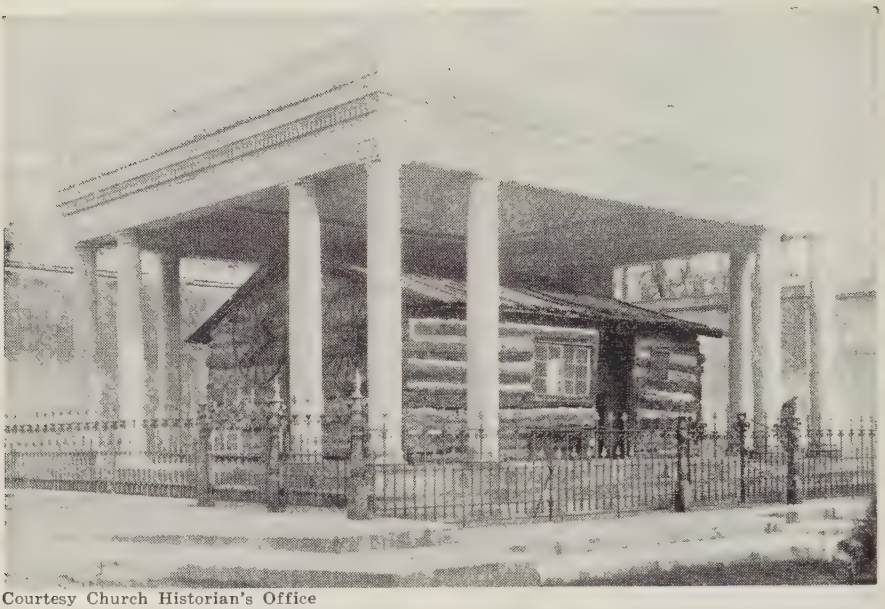
"Better than I have ever sung it before, Joe."

Then, with her arm around his shoulder she began in her firm, sweet voice,

It's wonderful to travel the Happety Road,
High up on a rock-a-bye knee. . . .

When she came to the Make-it-well Fairy she kissed the top of his head soundly.

And then they looked at each other and laughed.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

PIONEER CABIN ON TEMPLE SQUARE

Temple Square in Salt Lake City

Brief History of Its Growth and Development

PART IV—MONUMENTS ON THE TEMPLE SQUARE

Preston Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

PIONEER HOUSE

PERHAPS the oldest exhibit on the Temple Square, except for certain articles in the museum, is the small one-room log house, which stands under an attractive canopy in the southeast corner.

We are told that this little cabin was constructed in September 1847, by Osmyn M. Deuel, who came with the pioneers during the first year that a settlement was formed in this valley. It was originally a part of the Old Fort, which stood on the block just east of the present Rio Grande depot, where the first houses were erected, but during the 113 years of its existence, it had been moved from place to place in the city, until, finally, it reached its present location, on Temple Square.

Once it was a home for which the pioneer Deuel family was, no doubt, very thankful. There they found protection from the heat of summer and the cold of winter. I have heard my father say that when his family reached Wellsville, in Cache

County, in the fall of 1860, after their long journey from Scotland and erected a crude pioneer log cabin, partly a "dugout," on a hillside, his mother often remarked that "No queen who ever entered her palace was ever happier or prouder of shelter, and the blessings of the Lord, than she was when she entered that completed dugout." Yes, it is a true saying: "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

MONUMENTS TO JOSEPH SMITH, HYRUM SMITH, AND THE THREE WITNESSES

NEAR the Pioneer House are life-size statues of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his faithful brother Hyrum, done in bronze, by the gifted Utah sculptor, Mahonri Young. Of these distinguished men the historian Brigham H. Roberts once said:

"On the Temple Square, we have the bronze statue of Joseph, the Prophet of the great, new dispensation of the Gospel; and the same also of his faithful brother Hyrum Smith, standing upon granite pedestals, properly inscribed, declaring their mission and their achievements in the world, so far as those achievements can be briefly stated, saying, doubtless, in the inscription, what the Prophet Joseph would like to say if he could meet face to face the tens and hundreds of thousands of people who read the burning words of truth which God gave him to speak to this generation.

"These utterances are recorded upon the bronze tablets, and the

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

MONUMENT TO JOSEPH SMITH, HYRUM SMITH, AND THE THREE WITNESSES

Prophet is thus voicing forth his message to the world, and though dead, yet speaketh in this memorial of bronze and stone, that loving hands have erected upon this square" (B. H. Roberts, Conference Address, Oct. 4, 1913).

A few yards to the east of the statues of Joseph and Hyrum Smith is a monument that was dedicated on April 2, 1927, to honor the Three Witnesses of The Book of Mormon, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant, after which President A. W. Ivins, First Counselor to President Grant, spoke as follows:

"He testified that eleven persons saw the plates. Reading the testimony of the Three Witnesses, he told how those testimonies were sustained until the death of the witnesses, in spite of the fact that all three of them, at one time, left the Church. However he said that the contents of the Book of Mormon, and not the testimonies of the witnesses, is the greatest evidence of its divine authorship."

President Grant said he was proud of the fact that a Utah man, Avard Fairbanks, was the sculptor of the monument.

SEAGULL MONUMENT

STANDING near the south gate of Temple Square is the Seagull Monument, the only monument I have ever seen erected to honor the heroism of birds. The story of the manner in which these graceful and determined little creatures saved the crops of the first settlers in Salt Lake Valley — by destroying the myriads of crickets which were

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

SEAGULL MONUMENT

swarming over and devouring the gardens and fields of the pioneers, consuming every green and growing plant, perhaps to leave the people in this isolated valley without sustenance—is a story that will never die. Mahonri Young was the sculptor of this monument.

The historian Brigham H. Roberts, once said of the Seagull Monument:

"I rejoice with my whole heart, not only in the beauty of that great offering, as a memorial to God for his goodness to our fathers, not only in perfections as a work of art, but I look beyond all that to the thing that it represents — our recognition of God's great goodness in delivering his people from threatened destruction—It will stand, I believe, through many generations, one of the most beautiful, or to memorialize one of the most beautiful incidents in the wonderful experiences

of the Latter-day Saints. For indeed Israel was so situated in the summer of 1848, that if God had not wrought out a deliverance for them, then there was nothing but starvation for the people, and reproach to the God of Israel who had brought them to this land. For this reason the Lord no doubt felt himself bound to work out the deliverance which that combination of bronze and stone, stands to memorialize." (Sermon of B. H. Roberts in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 4, 1913).

(*To be continued*)

Homecoming

Leslie Savage Clark

With what glad tenderness the heart
Turns toward home to trace
Each dear familiar landmark
Of that beloved place.

So, surely, when the spirit mounts
Some vast celestial stair
It, too, will find love's welcoming
And homeland there.

Idyll Moment

Marie Call Webb

To my side has come my love
  With all the blossoms his hand can hold;
The last of the roses and cosmos,
  Snapdragons and marigold.

To my side has come my love,
  Most carefully and slowly came,
His flowers spilling from his hand.
  He touched my hand and said my name.

It is not strange when lovers
  Bring to lovers flowers,
And surely these are fitting
  To tell of love like ours.

For often has my lover come
  With flowers as his gift for me—
I am his wife of years and years,
  And my love is eighty-three.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

HOME AND IDEALS: Whether built of logs or marble, be the surroundings picturesque or desolate, a spot marked by squalor or opulence, the four walls of home close in and nurse the best there is in man. . . . The birds on the garden shrubs unfold their secrets to the growing child, from birds, blossoms, fruit seed, over and again he learns his first lessons of his relation to God and nature. If art reigns in the home there will grow out of it beautiful parks, streets, thoroughfares and cities. . . . A life consumed by following society's unprofitable and foolish fashions has a parallel in that of a woman who never takes a moment for study and self-improvement but makes herself a very slave to her home. The home must be kept sweet and clean but the brain is as prone to get cobwebby as the best room.

—Alice Merrill Horne

OUR PRINCIPAL MISSION: We are told that our principal mission on this earth is to save souls. Not alone to be saved, but to save others. Saviors upon Mount Zion! It is a term of solemn import. No trifling, no carelessness of purpose nor act should be found in the mature Latter-day Saint. Souls to save! Either by love and service to the living, or by service and love for the dead! Is not that our mission?

—Susa Young Gates

A FRIENDLY LETTER FROM GLENEYRE, COLORADO: I came up to visit a friend who lives eighty miles from the railroad, we were cut off from all sociability, only within ourselves. The wild natural beauty and the spicy breath of pine woods and mountains. . . . Friendship induced me to come to this romantic spot. . . . I would I had the gifts to describe the beautiful sunsets, the elevation is 8,500 feet. . . . The house is picturesque, large and roomy, built of logs. Situated aloft on the very summit of a mountain range, yet nestling in the shelter of pine-covered heights, sweeping into circles around it. . . . The little pine gulches put me in mind of "The Deserted Trail":

"And half way up there stands all slim and white,
A grove of quaking asps,
And often there when morn the mountain clasps,
I've stood in mute delight.
Between each silvery stem you catch a glance
Of ranges far and blue,
And one great peak that leaps so straight and true,
A mighty ice-tipped lance. . . ."

—Luella M. Rhodes

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, RELIEF SOCIETY PARTY: The members of the Nottingham Relief Society held their annual party on Boxing Day, December 26, 1900. A hearty invitation was extended to all. A committee of young ladies was appointed to decorate the room with Christmas decorations, the tables being also tastefully arranged and decorated with flowers and ferns. . . . About sixty persons sat down and took a hearty meal . . . a short program was rendered, consisting of an opening address . . . songs, duets, etc. . . . The rest of the evening was devoted to games and various amusements were indulged in to make the evening a success. . . . Refreshments were also on hand for those who required them, the proceeds of which were to be given to . . . the poor.

—Edith Cable, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MAURINE NEUBERGER (Democrat), a fifty-three-year-old former school teacher, was elected at the United States November elections, in Oregon, as a Senator, to serve the six-year term, beginning January 1961. She also completed the unexpired term of her late husband, Senator Richard Neuberger who died suddenly in March 1960. She is the third woman to be elected to a full six-year term in the Senate, Mrs. Hattie Caraway, of Arkansas, being the second, and Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, (Republican) the first. Mrs. Smith had served in the House of Representatives from 1940 to 1948, the year of her election to the Senate. In 1960, she opposed a Democrat, Miss Lucia Cormier. This was the first woman-versus-woman senatorial contest in United States history.

WOMEN elected to the United States House of Representatives are: Democrats: Mrs. Edith Green, Oregon; Mrs. Gracie Pfost, Idaho; Mrs. Iris F. Blitch, Georgia; Mrs. Kathryn E. Granahan, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Martha W. Griffiths, Michigan; Mrs. Elizabeth Kee, West Virginia; Mrs. Edna F. Kelly, New York; Mrs. Julia B. Hansen, Washington; Mrs. Lenor Kretzer Sullivan, Missouri; Republicans: Mrs. Katharine St. George, New York; Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, Ohio; Mrs. Marguerite Stitt Church, Illinois; Mrs. Florence Dwyer, New Jersey; Mrs. Catherine May, Washington; Mrs. Jessica M. Weis, New York.

BIRGITTA and DESIREE, royal princesses of Sweden, twenty-three and twenty-two years of age, visited the United States in November. Both are practical, Birgitta being a gymnastics teacher and Desiree a kindergarten teacher.

MARY BUNTING, President of Radcliffe College, a noted microbiologist, and mother of four children, has recently organized within the Radcliffe curriculum the "Institute for Independent Study," planned to meet the needs of older women whose academic careers were interrupted by marriage and the rearing of families. Mrs. Bunting feels that these scholarly minded women have much to give in service, leadership, and inspiration in their communities and in women's work in the world.

DONA FABIOLA DE MARA Y ARAGON, a young Spanish noblewoman who writes fairy tales for children, became the bride of King Baudoin of Belgium on December fifteenth.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 FEBRUARY 1961 NO. 2

"...In Her Tongue Is the Law of Kindness"

(Proverbs 31:26)

ONE is not able to see an aura of a woman's personality as one may detect a delightful fragrance she wears or hear her singing, nevertheless on meeting a loved one or a dear friend, her personality seems to reach out and warm one. In contrast, when one sees some acquaintances, one may instinctively wish to turn aside to avoid meeting them because their personalities are displeasing. One most appealing and valued character attribute to possess is the quality of kindness; its absence repels others.

Kindness may have its origin in an understanding heart, in a sensitiveness to another's feelings, and a habit of putting oneself in the other's place, in not judging actions but abiding by the warning of the Lord, "Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Mt. 7:1).

Kindness, however, does not consist merely in speaking kind words, when one is in a position of responsibility toward another. The soft word is not always the kind word, although the spirit in which the words are spoken should always be one of loving kindness. A mother who spoils her children and allows them to become disobedient, is not being kind to them. An employer was kind to her employee when she spoke in plain words of indiscretions she was committing. When she corrected the fault, the employee expressed great appreciation to her employer for the kindly spirit in which she had been corrected and the resultant blessing she received through heeding the reprimand.

One of the requisites for exercising the Priesthood is kindness, as the Lord declares,

> No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;
>
> By kindness and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile. . . .

The Prophet Joseph told the Relief Society sisters "to put a double watch over the tongue" (*D. H. C.* V:20). In Proverbs we read of the virtuous woman and "in her tongue is the law of kindness." To such a woman it brings inward pain to hear others criticized, to hear another's reputation torn down, or to see someone flush with embarrassment as the result of an unkind, jibing word. It is a kind and understanding mother who takes her child aside to give needed correction and does not give it before the other family members. Correction given in a spirit of loving kindness is much more readily accepted. When a family gathers around the piano for a song, it is well to sing often "Let us oft speak kind words to each

other. . . . Kind words are sweet tones of the heart"; and also, "Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word can never leave a sting behind." If these songs are thoughtfully learned when young, and the parents live according to their teachings, the children, in all likelihood, will emulate that training throughout life.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has questioned congregations of saints, asking them that if they were told that Christ was a short distance away, how many would feel worthy to make the journey to be with him. This causes a woman to search her heart. Will the law of kindness in one's tongue be a requisite? We are admonished "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48). In the 133d Section of The Doctrine and Covenants the Lord would seem to answer this question in the affirmative, for he declared, "And now the year of my redeemed is come; and they shall mention the loving kindness of their Lord, and all that he has bestowed upon them according to his goodness, and according to his loving kindness, forever and ever" (D & C 133:52).

—M. C. S.

Sunday Street

Dorothy J. Roberts

Tonight a radiance fills the street;
Light emanates from earth and air.
Each tree is lined with luminance;
New snow has fallen everywhere.

The steeple of the tiny church
Lifts high an alabaster crown,
And patterned on the crimson walls
Are gabled windows lined with down.

A flawless hush quilts every lawn;
The air is steeped in sapphire dye.
A swirling fleece of cloud unveils
The bright moon lanterned in the sky.

A common street is glorified;
Breath is a trailing plume of white,
Leaving my hymn of gratitude
Written on the winter night.

Beauty in the Shade

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

ONE of the most rewarding plots in your garden can be the begonia bed. These lush, exotic plants are generous with exquisite bloom in a wonderful array of color, type, and form.

The uninitiated gardener is likely to say, "But begonias are so difficult to grow." That is not necessarily so. Their culture is different from common patterns of gardening, but, once a bed is created, there is little difficulty. The plants are not prone to many diseases nor preyed upon by many pests. The blossoms are as varied and as beautiful as roses, but without the thorns. They never scratch the hand that cultivates them, and for this I love them.

Locating the planting bed in relation to the sun is most important. Begonias will not perform satisfactorily in too dense shade, having a tendency to concentrate on foliage and running light on bloom if so placed. They will not do well in bright sunlight, because the leaves burn and dehydration is too much drain on plant strength.

Select a secluded area in filtered shade. If such a spot is incomplete, add to its shade by erecting a slatted canopy or a lattice wall where the sunlight is too hot and strong. An ideal place is the north side of a garage, house, or any permanent building. If the plants are set near the foundation of a house, a planter well should be provided to protect the foundation and basement of the house from the consequences of heavy watering. The garage location is better from that standpoint, because one never needs to be concerned about water damage there.

We built a redwood canopy extending six feet beyond and the full width of the garage as a barrier to the midday sun. It was composed of redwood slats running north and south so that the shade moved with the sun, letting some sunlight through, but never too much nor for too long a time. Vetch ivy growing over the wall creates the leafy, tropical conditions favorable to a begonia bed.

Preparing the soil is the first consideration after the location is chosen. Experienced growers prefer a coarse leaf mold as a planting medium, or an organic substitute which will not pack nor become soggy, excluding air. Because peat moss when saturated holds ninety per cent of its weight in water, it is not recommended as a starting medium for dormant tubers.

To start the tubers before bedding time, put a generous layer of leaf mold into a flat. Lay the dormant tubers on this, spacing them evenly, allowing plenty of area for heavy root development which may be considered the most important factor in the ultimate growth of fancy begonias. Bury the tubers, covering with one-half inch of leaf mold. This is a very necessary step. To omit it is to rob the plant of full root development on base, sides, and top, which is nature's intention. Watering should be done carefully, maintaining even moisture and avoiding sogginess. Flats should be

TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS IN FULL BLOOM

placed in strong light but out of reach of direct sun rays. A warm temperature, sixty-five degrees to seventy-five degrees, will encourage growth. If too little light reaches the growing sprouts, they will become spindly, unproductive, and unattractive plants.

Plants are transplanted into pots or into permanent beds, if the weather is favorable, when the first two leaves have reached equal development. Favorable weather for outdoor planting is usually near the end of spring. At the two-leaf stage, the roots are in prime condition to adjust to bedding conditions.

SOME greenhouse proprietors will start your begonia bulbs for you, if arrangements are made ahead of time and the bulbs are delivered to the hothouse when they arrive.

Begonias never root deeply. Therefore, shallow, broad pots are preferable to narrow deep ones, if plants are to remain in pots. A standard potting or bedding mixture consists of two-thirds partly rotted oak-leaf mold and one-third sand. Remove plants from flat carefully. Mix one handful of fish meal with enough potting mixture to fill the bottom two-thirds of the pot. Fill in around the root mass. Firm and finish by covering the top of the root mass lightly with one-quarter inch of potting soil. Water carefully.

The prime soil requisite for outdoor bedding is good drainage. A mixture of one-third leaf mold, one-third sand, and one-third sandy loam is adequate. The addition of one-half sand to ordinary garden soil will usually assure good drainage. If rotted barnyard humus is added to the bed, it should be mixed in thoroughly a month in advance of planting time and watered several times. In planting in open beds, put a handful of fish meal under the

root mass and barely cover the bulb and roots with soil. Avoid letting any soil come in contact with the stems. The points of all leaves should face the front of the bed, else you will find yourself looking at the rear of the plants with the blossoms facing the wall.

After transplanting, careful watering is still essential, especially until new roots form and growth is firmly established. After that keep plants damp but not wet.

VERY effective beds and satisfactory blooms are assured if seedlings are ordered instead of bulbs. They are less expensive than bulbs and equally profuse. Both are ordered in the autumn from the catalogues while stocks are complete and delivery assured. The nursery will air mail them to customers at the proper time for planting in their area, if the buyer so orders. These seedling plants take hold quickly and grow most miraculously, so that half way through the summer one can hardly tell which plants came from seedlings and which from bulbs. They do not make large bulbs the first year, however, and so are precarious to store as they dehydrate easily.

Hanging basket begonias are available in double and single blossom varieties. They require a location where winds never stray, as they are easily wind-damaged. They add lush beauty to bare walls and patio plant stands.

Most nursery and garden centers carry abundant stocks of begonia plants already started from bulbs. They are sold at a nominal price, and while a great number run into considerable outlay, a few plants fall within the limits of small budgets. They are usually sold by color and form alone, so that one must wait till the plant blooms to find what it is going to look like. Catalogue buying is recommended for the gardener who likes to plan meticulously, but some very beautiful surprises come out of potluck buying from the garden centers.

Fibrous begonias, pink, white, and red make gorgeous borders, giving beds a lush, finished look. Most visitors are more delighted with the borders than with the beds, if you can judge by exclamations.

Storage of bulbs at the end of summer requires care, but is neither heavy nor difficult work. Plants should be left in the earth until November, if the weather is not too severe. Don't be in a hurry to take them up. Let them become fully matured. They will keep better at that stage. As soon as the first killing frost has inactivated the tops, the bulbs can be dug, washed, dried in the sun, and stored. A cool dry place is required. Too dry and hot an atmosphere will wither them. Too damp a spot will encourage rot.

Bulbs can be reset in February so the storage time is not overlong (as is the time for cannas, gladioli, and dahlias). Make sure that all stalks are cut back clean, as decaying stalks can cause damage to the bulb.

Take care as you go, and you will enjoy the most delightfully varied, profuse, and exotic blooms your garden has ever grown. Shady nooks become twice as inviting when lush with exquisite form and magnificent color.

Rell G. Francis

MAPLETON MOUNTAIN (UTAH) IN WINTER

Time of Frost

Christie Lund Coles

Now, that the white season is upon us
And the cycle wears a slim mustache of frost,
When the sky is as gray as a speckled mare,
And the tremulo of spring's song is lost;

Now, when the sleigh's almost forgotten bell
Chimes diamond-clear against the crystal air,
When bladed skates engrave the heavy ice,
And trees are regal in the pearls they wear;

I think of winter days we knew together
Running across the crisp, protesting white,
Our breath a plume before us, and our cheeks
Red as the apples that we ate that night.

Outside, the icicles hang out — glass-clear,
And children sleigh and skate in warm attire,
The way we did once in that sweet-ago,
Though now we are content here by the fire.

My Own Stove, My Own Table

Sarah O. Moss

THE day was young. Martha Fields looked at the kitchen table with satisfaction, for it was filled with bottles of freshly canned peaches. She began counting her yield, when suddenly the jam on the stove boiled over. The room immediately became filled with smoke. Martha pulled the kettle off and quickly began wiping up the smoking syrup.

"What happened?" asked Edith, her daughter, hurriedly coming into the room, her arms filled with asters. "Oh, Mother!" she exclaimed, with a note of impatience in her voice. "What a mess!"

"You can't turn your back a minute on Heavenly Hash," said Martha, with some embarrassment. She was always a little uneasy around Edith's efficient ways of housekeeping.

Both women mopped at the sugary fruit, Martha getting down on her knees to clean the floor and part of the wall.

"If you'll finish, Mother," said Edith, "I'll start the cake. Or didn't I tell you that Grace is coming out today? She's bringing her brood, all three children, pre-school." Edith laughed wryly.

"No, you didn't say," said Martha, tiredly. "What time?"

"Oh, for lunch," said Edith. "It keeps the youngsters occupied."

Martha finished her task, then rose. Her back ached. Her knees creaked. Something inside pulled at her with rebellion. She looked around. The breakfast dishes stared up at her. The floor was stained and sticky from yesterday's canning. A bushel of pears stood in the service hall, ready for the bottles. For the first time since her husband had died a year ago, Martha wanted her own home to herself. She longed for those few years just before Burt died. The household had been small, just the two of them, going and coming as they pleased. They ate out often. They had friends in when they felt like it. Marketing and cooking were kept at a minimum. There had been time for many things — enjoyable things. But now. . . .

Martha heard the whirr of the beaters as Edith put in the various ingredients of the cake. She hardly heard her daughter's talk about the frosting, the arrangement of the asters, and the plans for the preparation of the noon meal, when the three lively youngsters would invade all privacy of the big house — Martha's house.

"It would be a lot worse if my two were home, but, luckily, school is in session. By three-thirty Grace will probably be gone." Edith checked the oven, then put the cake in to bake.

Martha did the breakfast dishes, as Edith arranged the asters in vases.

"I think I'll run down to the store," said Martha suddenly. "I need some jars for the jam. The old ones are chipped." She finished the dishes, then hurried into her room, and changed into the new wool jersey dress. She picked up the big black bag that held almost

everything, and taking the short black coat from the hall closet, Martha knew she was ready for more than just a trip to the store.

"I think I'll stop in and see Louise," she said. "I haven't seen her for months."

"That ought to be good for you," smiled Edith. "Louise always did inspire you. And believe me, you look sharp in that new jersey, Mom."

Martha smiled back as she hurried out to her car.

HOW fresh the air felt! The smell of apples and flowers was in each breath. A soft waving breeze rocked the trees gently, as she sped along. She didn't want the invigorating jaunt to end, but all too soon, there she was at her friend's house. But after ringing the bell several times, Martha knew that Louise was not at home.

At the wheel again, Martha kept on toward the south. She didn't want to go home — not just now. She tried to restrain her speed, that she might hold onto the bracing moments. On she went, not knowing or caring. She only knew that a sudden wanderlust had seized her. She didn't want to go back to the noise and chaos that usually lasted long into the evening.

It wasn't that she resented Edith, Charles, and the children who had come to live with her. She knew they had come out of sympathy in her aloneness. They had filled the emptiness of her life many times over. But there were times when she wanted to be alone. She wanted her own friends again, in the privacy of her own home. She often wished she could be left to read by herself, sew by herself. She wanted to prepare a small repast and talk with a friend. In short, Martha once more wanted her own stove and her own table. And then she shuddered, when she thought of the big house with no one in it but herself.

Suddenly she realized how far she had come. She had passed the point of the mountain. But she drove on. Lehi, American Fork, then Provo. She couldn't get enough of the bracing air and the smell of the harvest all around her. Why not keep driving and go on to Manti and see Florence, her niece? It had been a year since she had seen her sister's child. With five children, Florence stayed pretty much at home.

Martha called Edith from a pay phone. It was with some embarrassment that she tried to persuade her daughter that she was doing a rational thing. Was Mother upset over Grace's coming? Did the children make her nervous? Edith wanted to know.

"It's just wanderlust, dear. I just felt that I had to get out in this wonderful weather. Tell Grace hello, and I'll be back in a couple of days. I promise."

"All right, Mom," answered Edith uncertainly, "but we'll miss you."

Martha felt a little guilty at that. "Better bottle that jam, dear," she spoke with practicality. "Goodbye for now."

MORE of the long, beautiful stretches. More of the lush valleys, deep meadows with cows and horses grazing. And then she was there, at Florence's.

Martha walked around the side door. She heard voices. Not stop-

ping to knock, she opened the door. "Surprise!" she exclaimed.

"Aunt Martha!" Dean had been pouring cereal into some bowls. He dropped the package on the table and came hurrying toward Martha. "Am I glad to see you?" he said, as he embraced her. The older children left their seats at the table and hovered around. The two smaller girls, tucked in high chairs, stared as Martha put a hand on their heads.

"Where's Florence?"

Dean grinned. "Now isn't that a foolish question, Aunt Martha?"

"You mean she's in the hospital? Another baby?"

Dean nodded. "Sure thing. Number six. And she's a cute little one. Looks like her mother. Floss is wild over her. You'd think it was her firstborn."

Martha asked the usual questions. How was Florence? What about help?

Dean looked puzzled. "I thought I had the situation under control," he answered. "I had Mrs. Anderson engaged and she came until noon, and then she got sick. Gallstones attack, I think. I had to leave work until I could get somebody, unless, Aunt Martha, you'll take over." He smiled broadly as he put a strong arm around her, knowing full well that she wouldn't let him down.

Martha took off her coat. "Hurry up and eat," she said. "Get back to your job. I'll take over."

So here she was. Her joyous ride had ended. Like a faithful horse, she was back in the harness again. She took a quick inventory. Work! Work! Work! There was washing and ironing, cooking and cleaning. There was fruit to be canned. There were babies to tend. Martha knew she would be here for two weeks at least, instead of two days. She laughed. It served her right. She had no business running away from her comfortable home.

Edith was stunned when Martha told her of this sudden turn of events.

"Mother! All that work! What about your clothes? You left without anything."

"I'll get myself a house dress or two," said Martha, with small concern. "Don't worry and I'll see you all soon." She hung up, a feeling of homesickness overtaking her.

Time flew by. Martha worked through the long days which followed, and with Florence home after the fifth day, there was twice as much to be done, such washings! Such big meals! Home would be a restful place. There was work there, too, but not like this.

As the days added up to two weeks, Martha felt she could now leave. Florence had much of her strength back, and the routine would not overtax her too much. She saw the gratitude in the young couple's faces.

"All our lives Dean and I will remember this," said Florence.

"We can't ever repay you enough for what you have done," said Dean holding the youngest child, wrapped in a blanket.

Martha looked at her young niece, so beautiful in her motherhood, as the five children stood around her. "It wasn't anything," said Martha, then she was off, waving a last goodbye as she headed for the highway.

THE wanderlust had left her. Her spirit was quiet again. Now she could hardly wait until she could

get home. Rain was falling and it shortly turned to sleet. Visibility was poor, but hour by hour, brought her nearer to her destination. At last, after several hours, she was in her own driveway.

It was Saturday, so Edith, Charles, and the boys were home. They all ran out to meet her, helping her, guiding her into the house. How good it felt to have loved ones who wanted her — who waited for her return with love in their hearts.

They went in through the usual side door. But Martha was aware that something was different. The large dining table had been replaced by the small dropleaf that had been stored. Martha stared! Why this wasn't a dining room at all! It was a living room, the big comfortable chairs and the sofa arranged tastefully. Pictures, lamps, and old treasures displayed with an artist's touch. Martha hastened to the real living room, but it was now a bedroom. There was her beautiful bedroom set, her desk, and her old-fashioned rocker. A fire burned in the grate. Everything in these rooms belonged to her. None of her daughter's furnishings were there. And the kitchen, too, was part of the arranagement.

Martha turned startled eyes to the happy onlookers. "It's my apartment," she said. "It's what I always had in mind. It's what I've wanted since your father died."

Edith smiled. "I know, Mother. We've worked every minute since you arrived at Florence's. Charles and I knew you were running away. We knew you should have your own private rooms, and we didn't get through any too soon."

"But what about you?" asked Martha.

They all laughed. "We haven't started ours yet," said Charles, "but, with your permission, I'll make a real neat apartment out of the other side. Come on, I'll show you."

Martha could see it was going to make a "neat" apartment. The big bedroom, would be a living room, the utility room was to be a modern kitchen, the back porch would work into bathrooms and clothes closets, and with bedrooms upstairs, Charles and Edith and the boys could stay as long as they wanted.

Martha walked back into her own comfortable apartment. Three large rooms with private bath. "It's like a fairy tale," she said. "My wish has come true — alone, yet not alone. And now," she said with a broad smile, "can I invite you all to have dinner with me?"

She took the basket that Dean had tucked in her car and took out the contents — a baked chicken, a piece of ham, green corn, and green beans from Dean's late garden. There was a loaf of orange bread that Florence had made, and a gallon of milk.

Martha raised the drop leaves of the small table. She hurried to her dresser and took out her daintiest linen cloth. "My own stove and my own table. It's what every woman wants," she said with understanding as she smoothed the linen before she went to her cupboard for her best china.

The Old Fireplace

Bertha M. Walton

THUMBING through an old book of mine while confined to my bed during a recent illness, I came across a short article I had written some years before. What memories stirred within me as I read. My mind traveled back to the old home in faraway England. I saw again the sturdy brick house, built on the last street in a small village in Kent, England, where the hop fields are. A few minutes walk from our home would bring us to the beautiful English countryside.

In memory I traveled again down "Muddy Lane" (appropriately named because it was usually muddy), then on through Lovers' Lane — so-called because of the sweet-scented hedges that grew on each side, making it like a private pathway, ideal for lovers, then up "Constitution Hill" — (another nickname we liked because Father always told us it was good for our constitution to climb to the top), then into the broad lands known as the hop fields.

What a wonderful view could be seen from the top of the hill, looking down over the colorful English countryside. Winding lanes, blossoming hedges, the green and verdant land, and the many flowers lending splashes of color to the scene, for there were several flowering gardens attached to the old-fashioned thatched cottages of which there were only a few scattered throughout Kent.

These were beautiful things to remember, but dear to my heart was the old-fashioned fireplace in the kitchen of the old home. What glorious times were spent around its glowing hearth during long winter evenings, how delicious roasted chestnuts tasted after having been spread out in long rows on the grate in front of the firebox; how tasty and crisp the toasted bread, better than any we ate anywhere else.

The fireplace was large and spacious with a built-in oven on either side of the firebox, with a large hook descending from the blackness of the chimney above (a relic of the old days of our ancestors). Mother sometimes used the hook, suspending a big pot over the red-hot coals. I can still remember the delicious smells that came from that giant saucepan.

On either side of the hob that Mother kept shining and bright was a built-in ledge, large enough for two people to sit comfortably. I used to imagine that maybe, in days long ago, a person had hidden there and been out of sight. I wonder if any one ever did?

It was no trouble at all when we were small children to believe that Father Christmas (as we called Santa Claus in England then) came down the chimney, for hadn't we seen the chimney sweep go up — and seen his brush come out of the chimney pot on the roof? Of course we had! So we just knew on Christmas Eve that Father Christmas would come down the chimney bearing gifts for one and all.

On either side of the fireplace Mother kept two big comfort-

able leather chairs, one for her, and one for Dad, while we children, nine in all (three had died), spread out on the floor. Mother had some long-handled gadgets, relics of grandma's day, that we used to make golden-brown toast and spread with yellow butter and Mother's homemade jam. We relished each yummy bite, the feast of kings it was to us.

After the evening feast we played games and talked. What plans were made, and what dreams were dreamed by the flickering firelight, some of them coming true in later years, especially the one about coming to Canada.

Although Dad was laid to rest some years ago, and Mother's dear face is wrinkled and her dark hair turning gray, still I remember the homely bits of philosophy and the stories retold many times around the old fireplace. How dear the hymns and old songs sounded. Mother had a good voice, and as Dad would say he *could* carry a tune. They would start a song and we would all join in. "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Comin' Through the Rye," "Ye Banks and Braes" were but a few of the old songs we sang, with no other light in the room but the flickering firelight. We usually ended with a well-loved hymn. "O My Father" is one of Mother's favorites, and "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and others as well loved were sung many times. I learned to love our hymns with a deep, abiding love. After the singing we would kneel in prayer, then off to bed with faces and hearts aglow.

Years have come and gone since then, and the children who gathered around the old fireplace have long since grown up and married, with children of their own; and one brother laid to rest amid the white crosses in faraway France. But when memory comes knocking at the door of my heart, I see again the big old-fashioned fireplace with Mother, Dad, and the children gathered around — safe and serene from wintry winds outside, happy in the knowledge that love and peace shone forth like the glowing coals of the fireplace.

Hazel K. Todd, Brigham City, Utah, has been represented in the *Magazine* at intervals since 1948. Her three-part story "Special for Redheads" appeared in 1953, and her serial "The New Day" was featured in 1959 and 1960. Mrs. Todd summarizes her varied activities and interests: "For fourteen years I have been sandwiching writing with Church positions, schoolteaching, and rearing a family. Besides *The Relief Society Magazine*, I have sold stories to national publications. I was the 1946 winner of the *Deseret News* Christmas Story Contest. At present I am enrolled in two writing classes, and am a member of the National Penwomen. I am the Relief Society literature class leader in my stake, and teach the teachers training class in Sunday School. My husband is Francis S. Todd, a civil engineer, and we have five children and five grandchildren. I should like to dedicate my story 'The Happety Road' to David A. Mann of Bountiful, Utah, who has encouraged me so kindly in my writing."

Recipes for Winter Evenings

Emma A. Hanks

Old-Fashioned Chile

2 lbs. ground meat
2 No. 2 cans tomatoes
2 cans kidney beans
1 large-sized onion, chopped fine
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. black pepper
1 tsp. chili powder
½ tsp. cayenne pepper

Crumble meat as fine as possible and braise slightly. Pour into kettle and add tomatoes, beans, onion, black pepper, salt, chili powder, and cayenne pepper. If needed, add a little more water. Cook for one hour.

Serve with crackers or French bread spread with a garlic spread.

Chicken Gumbo

1 hen cut up for frying
2 c. chopped onions
2 c. chopped celery
2 c. chopped okra
½ tsp. finely chopped garlic
salt and pepper to taste
½ c. raux (see below) flour
dash of file (powdered sassafras) into each serving
2 qts. water

Brown chicken in small amount of fat and add onions, celery, garlic, salt, and pepper. Then add water and boil until chicken is tender, adding additional water as needed. When the chicken is tender add the raux and mix well, and then add the okra and cook until okra is tender and until desired thickness is obtained. Add small amount of file just before you serve the gumbo over the rice. To make the raux:

½ c. flour small amount of fat

Brown flour in fat or use a patent brand.

Texas Hash

2 large-size onions, sliced
3 tbsp. shortening
2 c. canned tomatoes
1 tsp. chili powder
2 green peppers, chopped fine
1 lb. ground beef
½ c. uncooked rice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Cook onions and pepper in shortening until golden brown and add the meat and cook until it separates. Add the rest of the ingredients and bake in greased baking dish for forty-five minutes at 350°. Makes six to eight servings.

Texas Cream Pie

2 c. scalded milk
½ c. sugar
2 eggs separated
4 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. whipping cream
baked pie shell

Mix beaten egg yolks and cornstarch. Add milk and sugar to this mixture and cook until thick enough to coat spoon. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites to mixture while still hot. Add vanilla and let cool. Pour into baked pie shell, cover with whipped cream, and grate a little chocolate over the top. Chill before serving.

Albertha Nielson Hatch Makes Quilts for the Needy

ALBERTHA Nielson Hatch, Riverton, Wyoming, finds joy and satisfaction in making quilts of many different patterns and designs. She belongs to a group of sewers who make quilts for the needy. Mrs. Hatch also makes quilts as gifts for her family and her neighbors. She is an expert with the crochet hook and loves to see a ball of crocheting thread turn into a beautiful doily. Each season Mrs. Hatch, who is now ninety-two, raises a garden — vegetables and flowers for herself and for her friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Hatch has reared her own ten children and three grandchildren. She has thirty-six grandchildren, ninety great-grandchildren, and twelve great-great grandchildren. Always active in the Church organizations, she has set an attendance record that is an inspiration to all who know of her faithfulness. She has served many years as a Relief Society visiting teacher.

Enchantment

Marion Ellison

SHE held her breath. Not a sound was heard. Even the soft breeze that had been talking to the trees was stilled. The dew looked like a tiny baby's tear, and then, in all its splendor, the flower gently unfolded, and its soft petals glistened and shone as a golden sun. She breathed a sigh and the spell was broken. But still, today, although she has grown bent with age and the flower has long been gone, she knows the most beautiful flower in all the world is a yellow rose.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 2

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher, arrives in Blayney, Idaho, from Denver, Colorado. She has a room in Mrs. Willett's boarding house and meets Christine Lacy, another schoolteacher. Geniel tells Christine about Ernest Wood, her friend in Denver. She also meets Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher.

THERE was an all-day institute on Monday before the beginning of school the following day. Marva, the third school teacher at the boarding house, had arrived Saturday afternoon. She was a year or two younger than Geniel, full of life and enthusiasm for everything from kittens to sunsets. Christine confided that, contrary to appearances, she was an excellent teacher and the youngsters of the second grade loved her.

The other teachers, including Mr. Layton, the principal, all lived in Blayney. Geniel was the only newcomer to the group, and they welcomed her most cordially. She was assigned to the third grade.

On Tuesday, just after she returned home from school, she found her first letter from Ernest. It was a gray day with a light drizzle of rain, and she had felt a definite twinge of homesickness. She opened the letter and read it eagerly. He had missed her but was very busy with the fall trade. He had picked up an excellent new salesman and the business was going very well indeed. She was so glad to get the letter that she would have answered right away, if Mrs. Willett hadn't put in a call for help.

"Something is wrong with the furnace, and with this rain we're going to need some heat. I'm right in the middle of peeling a bushel of peaches. Would you mind stepping over next door to the Linfords and asking Johnny to come and fix it?"

"Not at all," Geniel answered. "I'll be glad to go."

She slipped on her raincoat and a scarf and went over to the house next door. It was a small, rather shabby place, with a momentary glory created by scores of zinnias in a profusion of bloom. When she rang the bell she was somewhat surprised to have the door opened by a tall, extremely handsome young man. His dark wavy hair was a bit unruly at the moment and his skin was deeply tanned. He was obviously an outdoor man.

"Hello, Miss Whitworth," he smiled. "Do come in."

"Oh, I can't!" she exclaimed, a bit nonplused at his use of her name. "I'm here on an errand for Mrs. Willett. She wants Johnny Linford to come over and fix the furnace."

"Well, since I'm the only one here who answers to that name, I had better give it a try," he answered cheerfully. "I'll pick up my tools and be right over."

"Thanks." Geniel turned and hurried back to the house. "He said he'd come right over," she told Mrs. Willett, who was putting the

first of the peaches into bottles. "Does this boy mend furnaces all the time — I mean, is that his regular work?" she asked.

"Johnny? Oh, no. He's just handy with tools. He's always fixed everything since he was knee high to a cricket. He's been working in the forestry service this summer. He just got back from the station yesterday."

"IF he just got back yesterday how did he know my name?" asked Geniel.

Before Mrs. Willett could answer, Johnny came through the back door without the formality of knocking. "Hi, Allie," he greeted Mrs. Willett. "What have you been trying to do with your furnace to get it out of order?"

"I tried making a fire by remote control. Anyway, I knew you'd take care of it."

"Okay. But I'm charging union wages these days and double for overtime."

He opened the basement door and went down the stairs. A moment later he called back, "I need someone to hold a flashlight. Anyone just sitting around up there who could give me a hand?"

"He couldn't possibly mean me, I guess," said Geniel. "But maybe I'd best volunteer, anyway, if we want heat tonight."

"That's right. And make him pay you union wages," advised Mrs. Willett.

Geniel climbed gingerly down the rather steep steps and took the flashlight. "I'll charge double if you get any soot on me," she warned.

"Maybe it would be worth it," he decided. "How was the third grade today?"

"Lovely. They're perfect dears." Then, almost without thinking, she asked, "How did you know that I was teaching the third grade?"

"I just read it in the newspaper. They publish a list every fall, although it rarely changes from year to year. I went to school under four of the current teachers."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so long ago," said Geniel, and could have bitten her tongue, remembering that no man likes to be told he looks young.

Apparently Johnny didn't notice the slip. "It was long enough. But I'm awfully anxious to get back into a school room again."

"Do you plan on going away to school sometime — or will you stay with the forestry service?"

"I sure hope to get away — and that pretty soon," replied Johnny earnestly. "This forestry business is just a stopgap, although a mighty welcome one. I want to get a degree in mechanical engineering and then build bridges and dams and super-highways. The only drawback is money — of which I have practically none. I'm taking a few correspondence courses and slowly building a savings account."

"Good! I hope you make it. I'm sure that you will some day. I'll look for your name on a big dam about ten years from now."

"Twenty will be more like it," Johnny corrected her. "And I'm twenty-two now. I need to get going."

Twenty-two, Geniel noted. That was just two years younger than she. Then she wondered what difference it could possibly make whether he

was two or forty-two years younger. What a ridiculous idea.

"I think that should do now," he decided, giving a bolt a final tap. "We'll draw cuts to see who builds the fire." Solemnly he picked up a splinter and broke it in halves. "The short one gets the job."

Geniel studied them carefully and made her choice.

"You won," said Johnny, tossing them both aside. "I'll bet you don't know how to build a fire anyway. I can let you off now."

She was at the top of the stairs when he added, "And thanks very much."

SHE sat down in the kitchen again to wait until the rest of the house would have a chance to warm up. "That is one of the nicest lads I ever met," she said, just after he had left.

"He sure is," agreed Mrs. Willett. "There just isn't anyone quite like Johnny. No one could help loving him."

"He seems very ambitious, too. It's too bad he can't get away to finish school."

"Yes, but he'll make it some day," Mrs. Willett agreed easily. "His father died last spring, and that means he has to take care of his mother. Otherwise, he could work his own way through. She has a little money coming from the estate of a brother, once it gets settled, and that may take care of the matter."

"I surely hope so. Does he have a girl?"

"Not any special one. Although, as I said, everyone loves Johnny, from me to three-year-old Kathy on the corner."

Mrs. Willett filled the last of the bottles, reserving a bowl full of the choicest fruit to be eaten fresh. She had just started to pound the dinner steaks when Jeffry Burrows came walking in. "Hi, Auntie dear," he called from the doorway. "I just came in for some supplies and thought I'd better bring you a few. Where shall I leave this bag of spuds?"

"Down in the storeroom, if you can lug them that much farther."

"If I can't, I'll just roll them down."

When he returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Willett asked, "How about staying for dinner? I can have these steaks ready in less than half an hour."

"Thanks, but the Evans Merc. would be closed by then and I have some things to pick up. I could manage a bowl of those peaches, however, if the lady who is sitting there doing nothing would care to peel them for me."

"I'll have you know that the lady just finished repairing the furnace," said Geniel indignantly, as she stood up and picked out the largest of the fruit.

"What do you know! I must say that Aunt Allie has marvelous luck when it comes to boarders. She certainly draws the best."

"We both thank you," said Geniel, as she set the peaches in front of him. She couldn't help thinking how nice and homey it all was — not in the least like an ordinary boarding house. It had driven out her wave of homesickness completely.

At the dinner table Christine passed out some large, square envelopes. "I seem to remember this from last year," observed Marva. "It

must be another Command Performance from the Duchess."

Geniel opened hers and read an invitation to dinner from Miss Blayney for the coming Saturday night. "This must be very special," she said.

"It is, indeed," Marva replied. "Once each fall the lady opens Blayney Manor for the schoolteachers and the board of education. It's supposed to be a gracious gesture of hospitality, but I doubt that any of us would last the school year out, if we didn't pass muster."

"Oh, surely she can't have that much influence!" protested Geniel.

"Maybe not. But just let me warn you to be on your best behavior. Repress any arguments or contradictions. Actually, you'll be the honored guest this year because you are the only newcomer to the force."

"Actually, to do the lady justice," said Christine, "she just figures that this is her town and she wants it run right."

"And she must do all the running in order to make sure that it is," added Marva.

Geniel was not greatly concerned. After dinner she looked over her dresses and decided that the green velveteen with the gold costume jewelry would be about right for the occasion. It would be rather exciting, she thought, to see the inside of Blayney Manor and to meet the great lady herself.

On the way home from school on Friday, she was a bit surprised to find Johnny waiting for her outside his gate. "Are you the lady who mends furnaces, fences, and . . .?"

"Just my own fences," interrupted Geniel.

"Well, I have another little job in which you might be interested," he continued. "I have to go up to the ranger's station tomorrow to put shutters on the place against the coming winter blizzards. I was wondering if you would care to take the job over — under my supervision, of course."

"Oh, putting shutters on forest ranger stations is absolutely the very best thing I do," declared Geniel. "What time would we have to start?"

"It's only a thirty mile drive, and if you work fast you can be through in two or three hours. So I think that ten A.M. would do nicely."

"Good. I'll be ready. Shall I pack a lunch, or do you furnish that for your hired help?"

"I furnish one meal only," said Johnny in his most businesslike tones. "But if Mrs. Willett has any chocolate cake on hand, you might bring enough for four."

"You have additional help going?" Geniel's spirits suffered an unaccountable letdown.

"Oh, no. But bring enough for four anyway. I can manage to take care of that much — with some additional help from you."

"I'll guarantee the cake."

SHE went on home and quickly changed to a cotton dress. Then she hurried down to the kitchen. "I'm going up to the ranger's station with Johnny to close up for the winter," she told Mrs. Willett, "and he has ordered a chocolate cake. Do you mind if I make one?"

"Not at all," was the cheerful reply. "Go right ahead. I'd do it myself, if I had the time."

"Thanks, but I'd really like to

make it." She brought out a mixing bowl and went to work. She loved baking, and it had been a long time since she had had the fun of stirring up a cake. When it was finished she put on a thick icing and some chopped walnuts.

When Johnny called for her at ten the next morning he looked her over critically. "How are your heels? You'll have to do some climbing. Did you bring a warm sweater? How about putting that scarf on your head?"

"Yes, sir," answered Geniel meekly. "And how about a compass and. . . ?"

"Who wants a compass!" retorted Johnny. "You could qualify in a jiffy as the girl I'd like to get lost with."

THEY swung down the road at a moderate pace, for which she was more than pleased. It was much too nice a day to be spoiled by rushing about. Late September had turned much of the foliage on the hills to a Persian carpet of red, gold, and bronze. The sagebrush had a purple haze that was as beautiful as anything she had ever seen. Altogether, it was a day to be enjoyed to the utmost.

After they had left the main highway, the road was rough and narrow. "This is shown as a jeep road on the map," he explained, "and they're not kidding. But we'll make it. At least, I always have before."

With this bit of consolation, Geniel clung to the side of the car and held her breath over the worst of the bumps and dugways. She breathed a sigh of relief when they finally arrived at the station. "Now all we have to do is go down again," she consoled herself.

"You can get out and keep the bears away while I get things started," said Johnny, opening the door on her side.

"Thanks. All I have to do is shoo them, I suppose?"

"Oh, sure. There's a nice view thataway," said Johnny, pointing to the north trail, "and good hunting."

Geniel walked up the trail to a point where she could see an entirely new vista. She sat down on a log to enjoy the tangy mountain air and the glory of the autumn day. It was so lovely and peaceful that she felt as if she could sit there for hours. When she finally decided to walk down again, she found Johnny putting on the last of the shutters.

"Piker," he called. "I didn't say you could stay all morning. Now I've gone and done most of your work. You may redeem yourself by setting the lunch out on that table over there by the pine tree. The lunch is in that hamper."

"Thanks, Mister. I'll do my best." She took the basket and carried it over to the table. There was a red checkered cloth which she spread over the table and then put on the lunch. It was quite simple — sandwiches of homemade bread, tomatoes, pickles, a potato salad, some apples, and her chocolate cake.

As she worked she couldn't help wondering why it was that Johnny made her feel as if she were years younger than he — when actually she was two years older. She wondered, too, why it was that every minute she spent with him was fun. Never could she remember having so much fun with anyone else. Perhaps it was because she could be

perfectly natural. She didn't have to put on a front. Whatever it was, she liked it, and she liked him. She was grateful for this lovely, carefree day.

THEY were joined for lunch by a couple of squirrels whom Johnny called Kate and Tim and declared to be old acquaintances. He cut up an apple for them, but drew the line at giving them any cake. "It's much too good for anyone your size," he commented, adding to Geniel, "when you can bake a cake like that I'll. . . ." The twinkle in her eyes stopped him, and he asked quickly, "You didn't really, did you?"

"Cross my heart," smiled Geniel. "It's my chief talent, outside of knitting washcloths. School teaching is just a sideline."

"Well, I predict you'll go far," he said seriously. "And, speaking of going far, I'd best pack up the stuff I have to take down so that we can be on our way."

Geniel walked off on another trail and returned just as he was putting the last of his load in the car. A couple of miles down the road they were waved to a stop by a little girl. "What is it, Hilda?" he called.

"Mom saw you go past this morning. She wants you to send the doctor up to see Mickey. He has a real bad stomach ache," she replied quickly.

"We'll come in and see just how bad he is," said Johnny.

They followed Hilda up to a small house, almost surrounded by fruit trees. "Hello, there, Mrs. Rampton," he greeted the woman who came to the door. "This is Miss Whitworth, one of the schoolteachers. I hear that Mickey has been eating too many green apples."

"I sure hope that's all it is," she answered. "It came on sort of sudden, but he's in awful pain. We don't have a telephone, so I was wondering if you would send the doctor up when you get back to town. Jim is out on the range after his cattle."

"Let's have a look at the boy," said Johnny.

"He's right in here on the couch."

They found the nine-year-old boy doubled up with pain. "This could be appendicitis, you know," said Johnny. "And if it is, he ought to go down to the hospital, such as it is. I think I'd better take you and the boy down with me."

"But I can't leave the other children here alone," said Mrs. Rampton, half in tears.

"I can stay," offered Geniel. "Johnny can come back and get me later."

Mrs. Rampton looked doubtful. "Oh, I can't impose on you like that!"

Mickey broke into tears, along with his pain. "I don't want to go alone," he cried.

"Of course you don't," soothed Johnny. "Mother will go with you, just as the nice lady said."

Quickly they prepared to leave, and half an hour later Geniel found herself there in a strange house with three children, the youngest a baby less than a year. She was preparing some supper for them when it struck her that in less than fifteen minutes she was due at a formal dinner where she was to have been the guest of honor.

(*To be continued*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ada S. Sharp

NORTH REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO) RETIRING OFFICERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Harriet L. Rigby, theology class leader; Anita M. Schwendiman, First Counselor; Mary G. Shirley, President; Norma N. Peterson, Second Counselor; Fern P. Ladle, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Bianca J. Allen, visiting teacher message leader; Ethel K. Archibald, *Magazine* representative; Merle A. Luke, literature class leader; Phoebe N. Williams, work meeting leader; Janet R. Mortensen, organist; Geneva B. Thomas, social science class leader; Mary R. Thomas, chorister.

Ada S. Sharp, the new president of North Rexburg Stake Relief Society, reports the faithfulness and devotion of the retiring officers: "Faithful and diligent service has been the aim of these sisters. Sister Rigby was the first president, appointed when the North Rexburg Stake was organized in November 1945, serving as president until 1951, and as theology class leader since 1954. Two sisters, Mary G. Shirley and Janet R. Mortensen, have served continuously on the board, each in three different capacities, since the stake was organized, and Fern P. Ladle has served as secretary-treasurer continuously since 1945."

Photograph submitted by Edith W. Hubbard

BANNOCK STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, September 25, 1960

Seated, center front: Geraldine T. Forbush, director; at left of Sister Forbush: Shirley Hubbard, stake organist; at right: Edsel Prescott, who assisted with accompaniment.

Edith W. Hubbard, President, Bannock Stake Relief Society, reports that fifty-seven mothers participated in the chorus and presented the following numbers: "Such Lovely Things"; "Come, Ye Blessed of My Father"; "O Divine Redeemer"; and "Let There Be Music."

Photograph submitted by Wilma F. Turley

SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, MOENCOPI BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT MISSION CONFERENCES

Wilma F. Turley, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports that these sisters love to sing together in the Navajo language. They presented the music for two mission conferences. Sister Millet, a missionary who directs the chorus, stands at the right in the back row.

Sister Turley reports that the work of Relief Society is progressing in her mission, and the sisters are learning many skills. At Shiprock, New Mexico, the Relief Society women have made several quilts, and at Ramah, they held a successful bazaar in November 1960.

Photograph submitted by Leone T. Homer

IDAHO FALLS (IDAHO) STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT
"OUR TOWN AND RELIEF SOCIETY," June 5, 1960

Left to right: Gertrude Collard, a member of Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society Board, representing a pioneer woman; Elder Rheim M. Jones, representing a trapper; Marcia Collard, daughter of Gertrude Collard.

Leone T. Homer, President, Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "The pageant was a real success. We had over 500 people out to see it, and judging by the comments, telephone calls, and notes, it must have been enjoyed by everyone. It has been a tremendous task to do the research and writing, but we feel that it has been very worthwhile.

"The first stake organization of Relief Society in Idaho Falls was perfected in 1895. Prior to that time there were seventeen scattered wards and branches over an area of one hundred miles. This first organization was commemorated by our pageant. The town of Idaho Falls was first incorporated in 1900, so the pageant tied in town and Relief Society history.

"Elder Rheim M. Jones, representing a trapper, told of the early beginnings in this part of the State — from 1860 to 1880, recalling the first ferry across the mighty Snake River, the first bridge, the gold hunters, and the constant fight with the hostile elements.

"Representing a pioneer grandmother and granddaughter, Gertrude Collard and her daughter Marcia told of the coming of the Latter-day Saints to Idaho, their struggles, hardships, and joys, up to 1895, when this huge area was divided into two stakes, and the Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society was organized.

"The twelve women who served as presidents over these years (or their representatives) were then presented. The history of the town, its mayors, and important

events in its development were woven into the narrative of the years of service of those women. This was given by readers, as the women were spotlighted in large picture frames.

"The pageant was interspersed with lovely music from a sixty-five voice Singing Mothers chorus directed by Edna Johnson, and interpretive background music was played on the organ by Grace Karstad.

"The research and composition of the pageant were done by Leone T. Homer and Ann J. Staker, the staging by Elveda Smith, with special lighting effects by Gareth B. Homer.

"The pageant was presented as the Sunday evening service of stake conference.

"The women who have served as stake presidents are as follows: Emma J. Bennett (1895-1903), deceased; Elvira Steele (1903-1917), deceased; Mayme Laird (1917-1926), deceased; Clara Brunt (1926-1932); Martha Telford (1932-1939), deceased; Cora M. Christensen (1939-1944); Idetta E. Merrill (1944-1946); Eleanora B. Allen (1946-(three months, division of stake); Loveda Petersen (1946-1947); Venna H. Croft (1947-1951); Mabel Hansen (1951-1953); Nannah C. Stokes (1953-1957); Leone T. Homer (1957 -).

"All of the women present at the pageant who had ever served on the Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society Board were presented with a souvenir booklet of the pageant."

Photograph submitted by Lila A. Arave

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON FOURTH BRANCH YOUNG MOTHERS ATTENDING THE CLOSING SOCIAL

Front row, seated, left to right: Joyce Salmon; Pearl McCaskill; Clara Rolfson; Da Naze Steele; Pat Depew; Marilyn Albiston; Corrinne Attwood; Louise Jensen; Maureen Woolf; Eva Mae Humphreys; Rose Harvey.

Back row, standing, left to right: Claudia Gimlich; Grace North; Colleen May; Lynne Horne; Glenda Benson; Shirley Brundsdale; Dora Cook; Mary Sustrik; Carolyn Cunningham.

Lila A. Arave, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports: "There were twenty-four babies born in the Edmonton Fourth Branch of the Western Canadian Mission since it was organized just one year ago. This picture was taken at the Relief Society closing social, where twenty of them were present. There were over seventy-five children in attendance at that time, which accounts, in part, for the extensive Church building program underway in Edmonton.

"As you can see, we are growing. We are particularly encouraged in the visiting teaching that is being done."

Photograph submitted by Rowena J. Warr

CASSIA STAKE (IDAHO), OAKLEY SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE, August 31, 1960

Left to right: Matilda Bell (age 84); Sarah Adams (82); Mary Stowers (83); Emma Harper (83).

Rowena J. Warr, President, Cassia Stake Relief Society, reports that these sisters were honored at a visiting teachers convention, for their many years of devoted service, their combined years of service in this capacity totaling 197 years. Each was presented a beautiful corsage. They are all still active in Relief Society, and all of them, as Singing Mothers, participated in Relief Society convention.

Photograph submitted by Naomi F. Jensen

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION AND STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Standing at the right, in the first row: Ruby Fjeldsted, stake organist; second from the right: Wilma Despain, conductor; fifth from the right: Martha Bartholomew, stake chorister.

Third from the right, in the back row: Naomi F. Jensen, President, Gunnison Stake Relief Society.

Sister Jensen reports: "These sisters are the first chorus that we have had for several years as a stake group. Our wards present the Singing Mothers in the March

and November Sunday evening programs. This stake group furnished songs for our stake convention in August, and for our stake quarterly conference September 4, 1960. We all enjoyed this service very much. We are happy to report that we are enjoying our work as a stake board and appreciate the help the General Board offers us always."

Photograph submitted by Fern T. Hartvigsen

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), ARIMO WARD PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL

Front row, seated, left to right: Rebecca H. Nelson (1916-29); Rebecca W. Howe (1929-36); Loya M. Woodland (1936-38).

Back row, standing, left to right: Mabel B. Hatch (1938-47); Almeda H. Smith (1951-58); Winafred S. Henderson (1947-49); Olive H. Woodland (1958 -); Coral M. Fackrell (1945-51).

Fern T. Hartvigsen, President, Portneuf Stake Relief Society, reports that the presidents of Arimo Ward Relief Society, from the presidency of Rebecca Nelson to the present time, under the leadership of Olive H. Woodland, were honored at a social in August 1960, and were congratulated and commended for their many years of devoted service to Relief Society.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. . . . Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. . . . And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday (Isaiah 55:12-13; 58:10).

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 32—The Gifts of the Holy Ghost

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 46)

For Tuesday, May 2, 1961

Objective: To understand what the gifts of the Holy Ghost are and why they are given.

THE revelation for study in this lesson was received in the spring of 1831, the day following Section 45, which was received to sustain the members of the Church as a result of many foolish stories which were circulated about them. Section 46 was given by the Lord to correct some false ideas which were entertained by members of the Church. At this period, according to the Church Historian, John Whitmer, there were some of the number who believed that nonmembers should not be admitted to the sacrament meeting. Some members felt this practice was contrary to the instructions of the resurrected Lord to the Nephites as stated in The Book of Mormon:

> And behold, ye shall meet together oft; and ye shall not forbid any man from coming unto you when ye shall meet together, but suffer them that they may come unto you and forbid them not;
>
> But ye shall pray for them, and shall not cast them out; and if it so be that they come unto you oft ye shall pray for them unto the Father, in my name (3 Nephi 18:22-23).

In the first seven verses of Section 46 the Lord gives sufficient information to the Church in this dispensation to clarify this problem, and also gives the Lord's will about the meetings of the Church. First, for the profit and learning of the elders they are ". . . to conduct all meetings as they are directed and guided by the Holy Spirit" (D & C 46:2). Then follows the commandment about which there was some disputation, "Nevertheless ye are commanded never to cast any one out from your public meetings, which are held before the world" (D & C 46:3). In further clarification of this instruction, the sacrament meeting is indicated as a public meeting:

> And again I say unto you, ye shall not cast any out of your sacrament meetings

who are earnestly seeking the kingdom — I speak this concerning those who are not of the church (D & C 46:5).

This same commandment is given regarding the "confirmation meettings." (See D & C 46:6.) This meeting is our Fast Meeting or the baptismal when the Holy Ghost is conferred upon the newly baptized person. There are meetings of the Church which are to be considered as private because they are special meetings to which only certain members of the Church are invited to attend, such as auxiliary prayer or officers' and teachers' meetings.

There are in this revelation instructions regarding the member of the Church and the sacrament meeting. Church members are welcome to this meeting, but they are counseled to make reconciliation with their fellow man against whom they have sinned before they partake of the sacrament. (See D & C 46:4.)

"Walking Uprightly Before Me"

One of the most important items of counsel given by the Lord appears in this revelation. It is as follows:

But ye are commanded in all things to ask of God, who giveth liberally; and that which the Spirit testifies unto you even so I would that ye should do in all holiness of heart, walking uprightly before me, considering the end of your salvation, doing all things with prayer and thanksgiving, that ye may not be seduced by evil spirits, or doctrines of devils, or the commandments of men; for some are of men, and others of devils (D & C 46:7).

What is there in this scripture which makes it of such great importance? Notice the several principles that are basic to the obtaining of eternal life: (a) Pray to him who giveth liberally; (b) Obtain the Spirit and accept its promptings in humility; (c) Walk uprightly before the Lord — keep the commandments; (d) Always remember that the purpose of existence is to "work out your salvation"; (e) In the spirit of prayer be grateful for blessings received. What is the promised blessing for those who practice this counsel? They shall neither be deceived by the ideas of men nor by the doctrines of devils.

Importance of Obtaining the Spirit

Learning the necessity of receiving the Spirit is of great importance to the members of the Church. The operation of the Holy Ghost in the lives of the prophets during the Old Testament period, as well as at the time of the apostles of Jesus, is generally known to the membership of the Church in this dispensation. Directed by that same Spirit, the leaders of the Church have counseled the Church membership throughout this dispensation of the need to have the Holy Ghost.

Joseph Smith and Martin Van Buren

On November 29, 1839, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Elias Higbee, in seeking redress for crimes committed against the saints in Missouri, visited President Van Buren in Washington, D. C., as a part of this mission. In that interview, the President of the United States asked the Prophet wherein the Latter-day Saints differed from other religions of that day. His reply was that ". . . we differed in the mode of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands" (*D. H. C.* IV:42).

What did the Prophet mean by this statement? It is apparent from his teachings given upon other occasions that the possession of the gift of the Holy Ghost is received only by those who submit to water baptism and the laying on of hands by one who is authorized of the Lord to officiate for him. As this lesson continues, this principle is in evidence, but here is a positive statement which establishes the principle as given by Joseph Smith:

> The sign of Peter was to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, with the promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost; and in no other way is the gift of the Holy Ghost obtained (*D. H. C.* IV:555).

> Baptism is a holy ordinance preparatory to the reception of the Holy Ghost; it is the channel and key by which the Holy Ghost will be administered.

> The Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, cannot be received through the medium of any other principle than the principle of righteousness, for if the proposals are not complied with, it is of no use, but withdraws (*D. H. C.* III:379).

It was a characteristic of The Church of Jesus Christ in the meridian of time that the gift of the Holy Ghost was received only by the convert to the Church (Acts 2:37-38; 8:12-23; 19:1-7). But what about the gifts of the Holy Ghost? Are these gifts, as enumerated in the scriptures, received by the worthy member of the Church? The answer is yes. The loss of the spiritual gifts following the death of the apostles is an evidence of the great apostasy. The absence of these spiritual gifts is admitted by many authorities on ecclesiastical history. (See the testimony of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, as quoted by Elder James E. Talmage in *The Articles of Faith* on page 495.)

Purpose of the Gifts

For what purpose does the Lord bestow his gifts upon his true followers? Because in the world there are influences that are contrary to the plan of life and salvation. How will the gifts of the Spirit help one on the road to perfection?

> Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; *and that ye may not be deceived* seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given;

> For verily I say unto you, *they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do;* that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts (D & C 46:8-9). (Italics by author.)

The words in italics give definite information upon the question just posed. Notice that the gifts are a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ that they might be of benefit to those who love the Lord and thus keep all of his commandments. But who are these? They are the members of his Church, for they have complied with the ordinances of baptism and the laying on of hands to receive the Holy Ghost. But the member of the Church may not be keeping all of the commandments, so, what of him? The revelation states, "and him that seeketh so to do." The Lord does not condone sin, but that member of the kingdom who will earnestly strive to overcome the barriers to his salvation, by sincerely endeavoring to perfect himself through the principle of repentance, will receive the help necessary to aid him. (See D & C 1:31-33.)

The Gifts of the Holy Ghost

What are these gifts of the Holy Ghost which are imparted to the members of the Church? Paul provided a list of these gifts for the saints at Corinth. (See I Cor. 12:1-11.)

In closing the Nephite record, Moroni also indicated some of these gifts of the Spirit. (See Moroni 10:8-19.)

The saints of today are counseled that they should ". . . always remember, and always retain in your [their] minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the church" (D & C 46:10). These gifts, however, are not given promiscuously, "For all have not every gift given unto them; for there are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God" (D & C 46:11).

A summary of the gifts revealed in this revelation is provided in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, as follows: "(1) knowledge; (2) faith; (3) administration; (4) recognition of the operations of the Spirit; (5) wisdom; (6) gift to instruct; (7) faith to be healed; (8) faith to heal; (9) power to work other miracles; (10) gift of prophesy; (11) gift to discern spirits; (12) gift of tongues; (13) gift of interpretation; (14) gift to discern all these gifts."

An explanation of the gifts is to be found on pp. 274-276 in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*.

To have all the gifts of the Spirit is a privilege that may come to the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator as the "head of the Church." (See D & C 46:29, 107:92.)

Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Laying on of Hands

In an article written by the Prophet Joseph Smith, June 15, 1842, on the gift of the Holy Ghost, it is pointed out that sometimes people expect that at the time the Holy Ghost is conferred following baptism by immersion, some miraculous manifestation will result. Excerpts from that article indicate an answer to this notion:

> . . . more frequently there is no manifestation at all; that is visible to the surrounding multitude. . . .
>
> . . . suppose the gifts of the Spirit were immediately, upon the imposition of hands, enjoyed by all, in all their fullness and power; the skeptic would still be as far from receiving any testimony except upon a mere casualty as before, for all the gifts of the Spirit are not visible to the natural vision, or understanding of man; indeed very few of them are. . . .
>
> The word of wisdom, and the word of knowledge, are as much gifts as any other, yet if a person possessed both of these gifts, or received them by the imposition of hands, who would know it? Another might receive the gift of faith, and they would be as ignorant of it. Or suppose a man had the gift of healing or power to work miracles, that would not then be known; it would require time and circumstances to call these gifts into operation. Suppose a man had the discerning of spirits, who would be the wiser for it? Or if he had the interpretation of tongues, unless someone spoke in an unknown tongue, he of course would have to be silent; there are only two gifts that could be made visible — the gift of tongues and the gift of prophecy. These are things that are the most talked about . . . (*D. H. C.* V:28-30).

The Holy Ghost and the Lord's Spirit

At a later time, it is expected that more study will be devoted to the subject of the Spirit of the Lord

("Light of Christ") than is desirable in this lesson. Suffice it to say, however, that there is a difference between that Spirit which comes from God to fill all space — sometimes called the Holy Spirit, Spirit of God and Light of Christ — and the Holy Ghost and the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of the Lord is given to all people (D & C 84:43-48; 88:6-13), but the gift of the Holy Ghost is received by the members of The Church of Jesus Christ — those who obey the commandments. (See Acts 5:32.) The following brief statement from President Joseph F. Smith is pertinent to these ideas:

> The question is often asked, Is there any difference between the Spirit of the Lord and the Holy Ghost? The terms are frequently used synonymously. We often say the Spirit of God when we mean the Holy Ghost; we likewise say the Holy Ghost when we mean the Spirit of God. The Holy Ghost is a personage in the Godhead, and is not that which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the Spirit of God which proceeds through Christ to the world, that enlightens every man that comes into the world, and that strives with the children of men, and will continue to strive with them, until it brings them to a knowledge of the truth and the possession of the greater light and testimony of the Holy Ghost. If, however, he receive that greater light, and then sin against it, the Spirit of God will cease to strive with him, and the Holy Ghost will wholly depart from him (*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 67-68).

How to Obtain the Gifts

As pointed out in this revelation, the gifts of the Holy Ghost are for those who keep all the commandments or seek to do so. (See D & C 46:9.) But the member of the Church must seek by asking in accordance with these divine instructions:

> And it shall come to pass that he that asketh in Spirit shall receive in Spirit. . . .
>
> He that asketh in the Spirit asketh according to the will of God; wherefore it is done even as he asketh.
>
> And again, I say unto you, all things must be done in the name of Christ, whatsoever you do in the Spirit;
>
> And ye must give thanks unto God in the Spirit for whatsoever blessing ye are blessed with.
>
> And ye must practice virtue and holiness before me continually. Even so. Amen (D & C 46:28, 30-33).

Questions for Discussion

1. Give reasons why you believe verse 7 of Section 46 contains information essential to the obtaining of eternal life.
2. According to this revelation (Section 46), why would you believe that the gifts of the Holy Ghost are to be considered as special gifts?
3. What is the principal purpose of the gifts of the Holy Ghost? other purposes?
4. To whom are the gifts of the Holy Ghost given?
5. What does Section 46 reveal is necessary to obtain the gifts of the Holy Ghost?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 32—"For Inasmuch As Ye Do It Unto the Least of These, Ye Do It Unto Me" (D & C 42:38)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, May 2, 1961

Objective: If we would do the work of the Lord, we must be actively engaged in helping others.

PROBABLY no other scripture has a more direct application to Relief Society work and to the work of visiting teachers than does this quotation from The Doctrine and Covenants. The grand key words of Relief Society are, "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.' "

What was the work Jesus did? The scriptures testify that from the beginning to the end of his ministry he ". . . went about doing good . . ." (Acts 10:38). The gospel teaches its members to visit the sick, to comfort those who mourn, to encourage the downcast, and to help the poor.

The doctrine of service to others, as contained in this Doctrine and Covenants' quotation, was formerly given by the Savior when he taught his disciples on the Mount of Olives. There he described the events of the last days and said that when the Son of man would come in his glory, he would judge his people. To the righteous he would say:

> For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . . I was sick, and ye visited me (Mt. 25:35-36).

Then the righteous would be puzzled and would wonder when they had done all these things for the Lord. And the Lord would answer them saying:

> Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Mt. 25:40; see Mt. 25:35-40).

In addition to being fundamental to Relief Society work, this doctrine of service to our fellow men has permeated deeply into all religious and literary thought. Benjamin Franklin once said, "The most acceptable service to God is doing good to man." The great Book of Mormon king and prophet Benjamin expressed the thought beautifully when he said, ". . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17).

In the well-known story of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" are these impressive words:

> He gives only the worthless gold
> Who gives from a sense of duty;
> But he who gives but a slender mite,
> And gives to that which is out of sight. . . .
> The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
> The heart outstretches its eager palms . . . .
> Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three —
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.
>
> (James Russell Lowell)

Although our Father in heaven is all-powerful and can do all things, yet he follows the divine plan whereby his good works must be done through us, his children. It is fine to pray for the welfare of the sick and afflicted, but they are empty words unless they are accompanied by personal actions which help and comfort those in need. We can wish our neighbors well, but this is ". . . as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" (I Cor. 13:1), unless we do something which improves their welfare.

The Lord's divine plan requires that we go about doing good. If kindness is to prevail upon the earth, it cannot come about solely by wishing and praying for it. It will come only if we practice kindness and do good even ". . . unto one of the least of these my brethren."

A wise Book of Mormon prophet emphasized this fact when he said:

> . . . I would that ye should impart of your substance to the poor, every man according to that which he hath, such as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and administering to their relief, both spiritually and temporally, according to their wants (Mosiah 4:26).

This is the substance of pure religion. This is what the Lord meant when he said: "For inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me" (D & C 42:38).

Work Meeting— Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8 — The Chronically Ill and the Aged

Maria Johnson

For Tuesday May 9, 1961

Objective: To point out the special needs of chronically ill and aged patients and to consider how we can help meet their needs.

Problems of Chronic Illness

THE increased number of elderly persons today is focusing our attention as never before on the problems of chronic illness. It has been estimated that over 50% of persons 65 years of age or older have some form of chronic illness or disability, which requires long continued treatment and nursing care. Chronic illness, however, is not limited to elderly persons. An acute illness can leave a patient, young or old, with a chronic illness. Many young men return to civilian life from active service in our armed forces with chronic disabilities. The incidence of mental illness is also on the increase. Heart disease and cancer rank high as causes of death. To these diseases we might add tuberculosis, arthritis, nephritis, strokes, diabetes, and others.

For many years bed rest and inactivity were the treatment, only to find that the patient's disabilities multiplied as complications developed.

For example, the heart condition might improve, but other disorders presented themselves. More recent years have brought about radical changes in treatment. This new treatment calls for activity in order to maintain normal functioning of all parts of the body. Even heart cases spend little time in bed compared with the old treatment.

Rehabilitation and Sufficient Exercise

Rehabilitation, which means care which aids the patient to maintain or restore her best capacities and make her self-sufficient, has become the watchword for the chronically ill, both young and old. Exercise is a must for each patient. She should be encouraged to do as much for herself as she is able to do. The doctor will tell you her limitations. You will assist her to do what she cannot do for herself. The nurse, the patient, and family must understand the goal that is set and must work together in carrying out the plan. The patient who does not understand the plan may feel neglected and that you are not interested in her welfare because you do not do everything for her. Often it is less time consuming to do something for the patient than it would be to help her do it for herself. This, however, is not good nursing care. We all know a muscle not used becomes weak and useless, a joint not exercised will become stiff. The patient in bed can develop limited motion in her shoulder and be unable to comb her hair, if the joint is not exercised. Foot drop and contractures can develop when pillows are used incorrectly, and the position of the patient is not changed frequently.

Meeting the Emotional Needs of the Patient

The emotional needs of the patient are often the most difficult to meet. The chronically ill patient needs protection from loneliness; she needs companionship, she needs to share in the family interests, plans, and, in so far as possible, the activities. If her condition permits, have her join the family at mealtime, even though it may be more trouble to get her to the table than to carry the tray to her. If she must have a tray, a member of the family can be served a tray with her, or a friend might be invited in to eat with her occasionally. Bring outside interests to her; tell her of your experience for the day, something you have read, done, or planned; read aloud, play games, etc. Your librarian can help you with things to do and things to read.

Keep a basket of things to do within reach of the patient, and an overbed table large enough to work on. It is easy to become discouraged and depressed. Think how bored you could become if you were the patient without companions or interests outside the sick room. See that the patient has a bell, mouth organ, whistle or other device for calling you. It gives the patient a feeling of security and saves you many steps. Pin a paper bag on the bed within easy reach for the patient's scraps of paper, tissue, etc.

Family Planning for Care for the Chronically Ill

Caring for the chronically ill in the home can be a real burden, if a plan is not worked out so that the patient and all members of the family

understand and co-operate. One person should be in charge, but should not be expected to carry the full load. When there is a visiting nurse service or a public health nurse in the community, a nurse will help you plan and show you how to give the treatments ordered by the physician, and how to improvise equipment that will better meet the needs of the patient and conserve your energy.

ELEVATING THE BED BY PLACING THE LEGS IN CANS HALF-FULL OF SAND

If the patient is to have care in bed, you will want to raise the bed to a height that will save you back strain and fatigue. One good way is to cut the top from four large cans; fill them about half full of sand or gravel; drop the lid you cut out on top of the sand and place the cans under the legs of the bed. (See illustration.) Wooden blocks or cinder bricks may be used to raise the bed. If wooden blocks are used, a depression should be cut in the top of 6-inch square blocks of wood in which to place the legs of the bed or casters to prevent the bed from falling. If the patient is heavy, you may be able to rent a bed with a frame and cross bar over which a strap can be suspended. The patient can grasp the strap and raise herself when linen is changed, when the bedpan is needed, and when she changes positions. The bed rope is another device helpful to many patients. It can be made by tieing a stout rope to the foot of the bed with a loop for the patient to grasp at the other end. Back rests, foot supports, and pillows were discussed in Lesson 4.

Feeding the Aged and Chronically Ill

The chronically ill patient must be encouraged to eat a balanced diet or the special diet prescribed by the physician. The diet for the elderly patient must be planned as carefully as for the growing child.

Pressure Sores and Incontinence

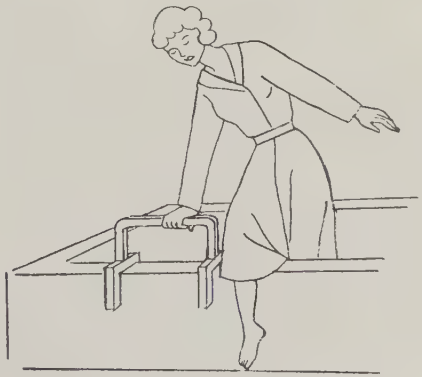
Pressure sores and incontinence (lack of control of urine or the bowels) present special problems in the care of the aged. Many studies have shown that the patient who has lost her desire to live is much more prone to incontinence. She simply gives up and makes no effort. Stimulating the

patient to co-operate and giving her the bedpan at frequent intervals have proved very rewarding. The prevention of pressure sores is worth any effort it may take. They are frequently called bedsores because they are most often found in patients who remain in bed a long time. Elderly or helpless patients are especially susceptible to bedsores. They develop most frequently over parts of the body which are subject to pressure — the end of the spine, shoulder blades, heels, elbows, or hip bones. Prevention is the best treatment.

Prevention:

1. Turn the patient frequently.
2. Keep the patient clean and dry.
3. Keep the bed dry and free from wrinkles or crumbs.
4. Cushion the reddened area with a soft pad such as sponge rubber or pieces of lamb's wool pelt or a cotton pad. The soft pad provides evenly distributed pressure and, today, is replacing the round rings, called doughnuts, popular at one time.
5. Do not let the patient lie on the reddened area.
6. Give gentle massage around the reddened area.
7. When giving the bedpan, hold your hand over the part of the pan that will support the buttocks, as you gently slip the pan under the patient.
8. Special care will be necessary for the incontinent patient, the one who is unable to control her bladder or bowels, as she develops bedsores very readily. Always remove all discharge promptly, wash the soiled areas immediately, rinse well, pat dry, and lighty dust with talcum powder. Keep a waterproof pad under the patient. This may be made of several thicknesses of newspaper covered with a clean cloth. When soiled, the papers can be easily removed and replaced with a clean pad. The cloth cover can be washed. Keep a stock on hand. Remember, changing the pad will not take the place of washing and drying the patient's skin.

HELPING THE PATIENT INTO THE BATHTUB



BATHTUB SECURITY RAIL

The Tub Bath

Many accidents occur in getting in and out of bathtubs. For this reason the patient should not be put in the tub until she is able, with a little support, to get in and out herself. A rubber mat in the tub helps prevent slipping. Bathtub rails and seats that can be adjusted to fit old and modern type tubs are now available. These give the patient support and make a tub bath possible for many who could not otherwise have one. (See illustrations.)

The Stroke Patient

The patient with a stroke will need special care. She can become a helpless, bedridden patient, or she can, in many instances, be helped to become self-reliant in getting about and caring for herself. If a physiotherapist is available, ask your doctor about having her teach you the exercises needed. If this trained person is not available, your doctor or the public health nurse will help you.

Today we have a new medical specialty "Geriatrics" dealing with the problems of the aged. The research and studies being made in this field are changing our attitudes and proving that later years of life can be challenging, interesting, and satisfying.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 24 — Nathaniel Hawthorne, Haunted Autobiographer

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

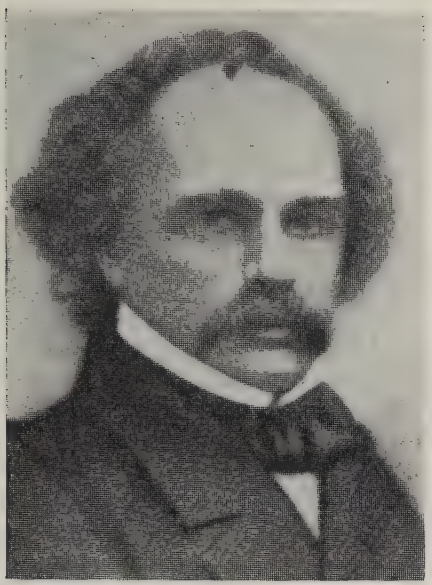
(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 304-349)

For Tuesday, May 16, 1961

Objective: To reconsider the dual nature of mortality, as exemplified in Hawthorne's short stories.

ULTIMATELY the concern of all great literature is with the nature of reality. To experience night and dawn on the desert; to wander alone even for one afternoon amid September pine and aspen—these relatively simple realities can fill us with an awe we cannot tell. Yet who knows that he can define them exactly for a city dweller so that the inner realities of the two people are the same, enabling the one to escape from his individual surroundings and experiences?

Once it becomes known that anyone can thus liberate us from ourselves beyond the bounds of time, he becomes indispensable, and therefore immortal. These "liberators" see and feel more deeply than do most of us; through mastery of their communicating tool — rhythmic body, brush, chisel, voice or instrument or pen — they "come through to us" to tell that which otherwise cannot be told; hence they give justification once more for the old, wise saying that "Art is long and time is fleeting."



A Perry Picture

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne, Pioneer Artist

Sharing honors with Edgar Allen Poe, Hawthorne is the acknowledged father of great American fictional art. Preparing himself from youth for a writing career, Hawthorne early respected the great power of words skillfully combined. He mastered his craft by perfecting a style which spoke to his readers precisely what he wanted it to speak. Paralleling in the short story Emerson's accomplishment in poetry, he learned the secret of permitting each composition to grow from within its own nature, finally to achieve expression through form perfectly fitted to its content or theme-idea. Most important, he probed into the human soul to a depth rarely before attained, finding within his own dark, unacknowledged, unexplored caverns some definitions of reality as startlingly new to his own time as today they are basic to the modern awareness of man's complex identity.

He realized early that his cloistered world, removed from the ordinary life, the subject-areas out of which he must create literature, was extremely limited. He proved his genius by capitalizing on those very limitations. He wrote, not of what man sees and does outwardly, but rather of what man knows or of which he is vaguely aware within himself, but of which he never speaks or cannot speak. In his greatest writings Hawthorne is ever concerned with the never-ending conflict between good and evil, fighting on the battlefield which is the human heart. This subject and his approach to it are in violent contrast to the domestic sentimentality and adventure tales which dominated contemporary fiction.

Yet even while writing these somber tales which his natural genius dictated, Hawthorne longed to achieve popularity by writing sunny, happy, everyday sketches which he publicly scorned. Thus we are forced to recognize the huge gap which separated Hawthorne, the artist, from Hawthorne, the man, throughout his life.

Hawthorne's Outward Life

Nathaniel was born July 4, 1804, in Salem, Massachusetts, home port of the fast American ships which traded with exotic people round the world. His staunch Puritan ancestors arrived in Massachusetts Bay in 1630. They were permitted to write "Mr." before their name when this term really meant something. Some were captains, some local justices, one ancestor sat with Samuel Sewall and one other to condemn nineteen to their deaths during the Salem

witchcraft trials of 1692-93. His own father, Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, described as "the sternest man that ever trod a deck," died at Surinam, Dutch Guiana, when Nathaniel was four. Impoverished and proud, Mrs. Hawthorne returned with her three children to her own people, the Mannings, who gave her sustenance and sent her one son to Bowdoin College in Maine. The Manning home in Salem was cheerless and strictly plain. The widow and her children ate in their room to economize, and later, when the children had separate rooms, the mother lived and ate in hers, sending out written notes to members of the family when she wished to meet with them. A most handsome child with long, dark eyelashes, it is understandable that young Nathaniel, the only nephew living in a household of four unmarried aunts and four unmarried uncles, was pampered. He went often to Maine, where his uncles owned property, roaming freely in the summer woods, however, an injury to his foot, when he was nine, confined him to the house for almost three years.

At Bowdoin College discipline was so strict that Hawthorne was fined for walking unnecessarily on the Sabbath; a friend was fined for sitting in an improper posture during chapel. As a student, Hawthorne excelled in composition and in his own leisure reading. He made three lifelong friends at college, Longfellow, Horatio Bridge, and Franklin Pierce, for whom Hawthorne later wrote a campaign biography in support of his successful race for the Presidency of the United States.

Hawthorne returned to Salem for twelve years following his graduation, again submitting himself to the family pattern of seclusion and withdrawal. At the same time he read almost every book in the local library and worked diligently at perfecting his own writing skills. His only small success, publication of *Twice-Told Tales*, seemed insufficient to justify marriage, so he and Sophia Peabody were engaged for four years before their marriage in 1842, when she was thirty-four and Hawthorne was thirty-eight. Because she was an invalid and had been "prepared" by her mother not to expect the joys of motherhood, Sophia worshipped her handsome husband and her role as wife and mother of their three children. During their prolonged courtship they exchanged over a hundred ardent love letters. So completely did each find fulfillment in the other that their love approaches the stature of that attained by Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. A thoroughly educated, beautiful and sensitive woman with genuine skill in painting, Sophia concealed little of her romantic intensity in her letters, before and after marriage. After one of their first meetings she wrote to her sister of Hawthorne:

> You know in "Annie's Ramble" he says that if there is anything he prides himself upon, it is on having a smile that children love. I should think they would, indeed. He has a celestial expression. It is a manifestation of the divine in human.

Soon after marriage she wrote her mother, who watched with wonder the emergence of an entirely new Sophia:

> Do not fear that I shall be too subject to my Adam, my crown of Perfection. . . .

He is completely under the dominion of his intellect and sentiments. Oh, who ever saw such a union of power and gentleness, softness and spirit, passion and divine reason! The heavenly host may come and pitch their tents round about us as in the first Eden and easily mistake my husband for one of their hierarchy. I think it must be partly smiles of angels that makes the air so pleasant here. I think seraphs love as he loves me—ardent, rapt, tender, devout and holy.

Nine years later, during Hawthorne's absence, each kept a daily journal for the other. Sophia wrote her mother that she could not eat, "sitting opposite his empty chair at table, and I lost several pounds of flesh." Nothing changed, for at his death in 1864, after twenty-eight years of marriage, she wrote:

To me — even to me who was himself in unity — he was to the last the holy of holies behind the cherubim. . . . A person of more uniform majesty never wore mortal form. In the most retired privacy it was the same as in the presence of men. The sacred veil of his eyelids he scarcely lifted to himself — such an unviolated sanctuary was his nature — I, his inmost wife, never conceived nor knew. . . .

Hawthorne reciprocated without reservation for during their engagement he wrote her:

We are but shadows, we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us — then we begin to be — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. . . . Thou keepest my heart pure, and elevatest me above the world. Thou enablest me to interpret the riddle of life, and fillest me with a faith in the unseen and better land, because thou leadest me thither continually. . . . God gave you to me to be the salvation of my soul.

During the winter of 1856 Hawthorne remained in Liverpool as American Consul while Sophia and the children spent the winter in Lisbon. He confessed in his *Journal* "the bitterness of exile" caused by her absence: "I have no pleasure in anything and I feel my tread to be heavier and my physical movement more sluggish than in happier times; a weight is always upon me. My appetite is not good. I sleep ill."

He wrote Sophia:

Thou never again shalt go away anywhere without me. . . . Oh dearest, dearest, interminably and infinitely dearest — I don't know how to end that ejaculation. The use of kisses and caresses is, that they supersede language, and express what there are no words for. . . . Nothing else is real, except the bond between thee and me. I am myself but a shadow till thou takest me in thy arms, and convertest me into substance. Till thou comest back, I do but walk in a dream.

During his years at the Salem Custom House, his Consulship at Liverpool, travel and residence in Italy, then a return to his home in Concord for four years before his death in 1864, Hawthorne was the idol of his household, spontaneously loved by wife and children alike, and deservedly so.

Of the seven selections from Hawthorne in our text, only "The Canal Boat," with its sharp recording of everyday characters and scenes, even roughly corresponds to the definition of Hawthorne just presented. The greatest, most memorable writings of Hawthorne have their origin elsewhere, in that "unviolated sanctuary" of his nature which his wife admitted never having penetrated.

The Hidden Hawthorne

Mark Twain's statement in his *Puddinhead Wilson* applies directly

to Hawthorne: "Every one is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." Toward the end of his Salem withdrawal, Hawthorne wrote Longfellow: "I have made a captive of myself and put me into a dungeon; and now I cannot find the key to let myself out — and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out." He disliked this darker self, and rarely revealed it in his letters, even more rarely in his *Journal;* it is in his best writings that his imagination gave it such memorable expression that therein Hawthorne liberated this concealed self into greatness.

A most sensitive, intuitively wise, self-distrusting person, Hawthorne contained within himself a living mesh of contradiction or paradoxes. He professed to enjoy writing, yet during long periods he wrote little if any serious work, and during his last four years he was so torn by an unexplicable inner warfare that what he wrote in agony was far from first-rate. Both in his "Celestial Railroad" and in "Earth's Holocaust" (text, page 340) he satirized reformers, yet he himself joined the Brook Farm communal enterprise and lost $1,000 of his hard-earned money in the venture. He convinced himself and his wife that theirs was the perfect marriage, yet nowhere during his married life did he feel permanently at home, and during his last years could not throw off the heavy feeling of being entirely alone. At one time he would be objectively cold and distant; later he found himself impassioned and sensuous. In politics and economics he was alternately liberal and conservative.

The themes of his major works are intensely personal, yet outwardly Hawthorne was modest and shy. He seems to have created his tales to be employed as mirrors which, when contemplated at endless length, exaggerated and intensified his own self-defined sins as no other device could do. For Hawthorne, man's most withering sin is pride — social, economic, scientific, and — most of all — intellectual. (See "Egotism" or the "Bosom Serpent," "Rappacini's Daughter," "Ethan Brand"); yet his honest, loving wife saw in him "so absolute a modesty joined to so lofty a self-respect." He firmly believed that the individual destroys his human value by withdrawing from society (see "Wakefield," "Egotism," *House of Seven Gables*), yet when his favorite sister was drowned, he locked himself in his study, and always he was plagued in some degree by feelings of loneliness.

As his third major theme, he felt that the oppressive past dominated the present until it became almost lifeless (see *House of Seven Gables*, "Goodman Brown"), yet he had read widely in New England history, laid most of his stories in this historic past, and, himself, believed more Puritan doctrine than he repudiated. But everywhere in Hawthorne's writings, the most universal theme is hypocrisy, or concealment of sin; yet Hawthorne concealed his inward self so successfully that neither his wife nor children nor friends ever felt that they knew him entirely.

By employing his smooth, dignified style, his superb skill in symbol, in building tone, he "told all," as few artists have ever done —

Hawthorne so shy and distrustful of himself that Emerson recalled in his *Journal* the day after Hawthorne's funeral:

> He showed no egotism or self-assertion, rather a humility, and, at one time, a fear that he had written himself out. One day, when I found him on the top of his hill, in the woods, he paced back the path to his house and said, 'This path is the only remembrance of me that will remain.'

The Brotherhood of Evil

For Hawthorne, man is a complex, unpredictable mixture of good and evil, often governed more powerfully by his mysterious inner self than by what he knows or believes. He believed that moral and spiritual growth are achieved through suffering and sin; that we are brothers to the sinner by having dreamed inwardly of doing what the criminal actually performs.

Understanding sympathy for the sinner is another of Hawthorne's great universal themes. Man's awareness of his own sinful nature is treated differently in two of his best stories. In "Young Goodman Brown" (text, page 306) a newly wedded husband leaves behind for an evening his lovely wife "Faith" to enter the dark forest guided by the Devil and be baptized into the league of evil, the real binding force which binds all humankind together. When he either sees or fancies he sees his father, teacher, minister, and finally "Faith" herself also present at the evil rites, he cries out in agony, the vision or reality vanishes, and he returns to his home to die of a broken, despairing heart.

"The Minister's Black Veil" (text, page 315) is a haunting tale of unselfish self-sacrifice. Reverend Hooper, a mild, gentle preacher about to be married, finally realizes that the members of his congregation, indeed all humanity — brother to brother, husband to wife, man to his minister and to his God — all remain isolated and unable to communicate because of the veil of unacknowledged sin which separates each from the other. Knowing man's tendency to seek out and oppose sin in others about him, even while prevented by his own pride from defining any specific sin within himself, the young Reverend makes his congregation believe him crazed by appearing in his pulpit one Sunday morning with a black veil covering all his face beneath his eyes. This he does, symbolizing the sin each of them bears, yet, refuses to acknowledge, in the hope that he may repent and thus begin his return along the road to free communication with men and with God. [*The Reverend*]

> . . . face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?
>
> Such was the effect of this simple piece of crepe, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meetinghouse. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Note in the preceding quotation, as throughout the story and Hawthorne's best works, how the story may be read at the same time on two levels: the first, the story level of incident which accumulates its own powerful impact; the second,

in which the veil is symbol of man's unacknowledged, separating sin. On this level man's every breath activates his sin; it separates him from the holy words which he reads, and from his God to whom he prays.

Along with several others in the text, this story deserves to be read aloud in full to those who would marvel at the meticulous craftsmanship, the penetrating symbolism, and the grave moral earnestness of one whose significance in America's literary tradition becomes even more apparent with the passing years.

To say that Hawthorne was ideally qualified to recreate life in Puritan New England is to speak truly, nor is it difficult to understand why he was able to interpret the Puritan mind and conscience — to restate with true perspective, the issues with which these early colonists were concerned. In summary, let us enumerate the reasons:

1. Hawthorne was steeped in the traditions of his Puritan ancestors and was haunted by their grim reality; (2) he was familiar with the memories which lingered with the old port town of Salem, Massachusetts, where he was born and in which he spent many years; (3) his own sensitive and introspective nature made him sympathetic with the problems that beset his self-righteous ancestors. He believed, as they did, in the power of evil in man's life, yet he resented their intolerance of all who disagreed with them theologically. Thus Hawthorne's own inner self became so much a part of this setting as to make his writing actually autobiographical in nature.

To these qualities Hawthorne added the "gift of a luminous mind" and distinguished writing craftsmanship.

Two years ago we studied the Puritan and the way of life in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which gives us an excellent background for understanding Hawthorne and his writings.

Now that we have been introduced to Hawthorne, the man, and, in this lesson, have briefly studied at least one example of his art, we anticipate with enthusiasm a second lesson on him which will follow. In that lesson we shall enjoy Hawthorne's first mature novel, "The Scarlet Letter" which is also his masterpiece.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Explain the wide variance between Hawthorne's personal and his artistic inner life.

2. Recalling how Hawthorne feared the throttling hold of the past upon the present, do you feel that he lived more in the past or in the future, inasmuch as most of his best stories have settings in historical New England?

3. Identify Puritanical, then non-Puritanical elements in Hawthorne, the man; in Hawthorne, the artist. (See text, pp. 304-305.)

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 14 — Abundant Living for Our Day

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, May 23, 1961

Objective: To review the topics in this two-year series of lessons and emphasize the role they can and should play in helping us live abundantly today.

Introduction

The challenge of traveling the spiritual road and living spiritually in the Nuclear Age rests upon the shoulders of each one of us, but it need not rest as a heavy weight. Rather it can provide one of the most exciting and self-satisfying experiences we may have in this life, for the rewarding life does not consist in finding the easy way, the peace of mind which is achieved by rationalizing, reinterpreting, and failing to face reality. Rather it comes from meeting, resolving and conquering problems, overcoming difficulties and hardships, and developing a sense of accomplishment from having lived fully and having done the best we could with what we had.

We have suggested that in order for one to live creatively, and satisfyingly, and effectively in any time, but particularly in the Nuclear Age, one needs to possess a high degree of emotional maturity. We made a case for the necessity of a high degree of emotional maturity in order to be capable of living the teachings of Christ. The task of achieving emotional maturity was interpreted not only as being a life-long endeavor, but an eternal process. We recognized that we do not become mature all at once, but that we grow toward it with every step we take, if we are actively seeking to increase our maturity.

Importance of behaving in a mature fashion for our age and stage of development was emphasized in order for us to be able to set an example of maturity with which our children might identify. The significance of achieving a high degree of emotional maturity is important not only in order to be able to live the teachings of Christianity, but in order for us to experience the personal growth which we believe is inherently the right of each human soul. It is a basic foundation for achieving success in marriage and an essential factor for competent parenthood.

We explored the concept of religious maturity and endeavored to suggest some criteria by which we might evaluate it. Since religious maturity is a concept which has received little attention up to the present time, it represents an area in which we perhaps are far less successful than in developing physical, intellectual, social, and emotional maturity. We, therefore, hope that it was a rewarding experience to explore this area of thought, for the true gospel of Christ is not a religion consisting of juvenile formulations, but rather a religion which encour-

ages the individual to develop all his characteristically human powers.

Once we have given some attention and focus to the concept of religious maturity, it seems obvious that successful accomplishment in this undertaking is essential if we are to experience the eternal growth which we feel will allow us someday eventually to become like God. However, a more immediate reward for developing religious maturity is the increased capacity to "follow in his steps."

Abundant and creative living will not only result in a more satisfying type of life to each individual at present, but should significantly contribute toward helping to build a world at peace, toward helping to bring about a kind of world in which man may live at harmony with himself, may experience the best in himself.

We hope we have widened our religious horizons by carefully considering the concept which we have of God. Certainly, if we are able to approach God in a spirit of love, rather than fear of a God requiring appeasement or appealing to a God who is a magic helper, we will be able to establish a more creative and meaningful relationship.

The consideration of our concept of man likewise should have helped to expand our religious horizons. Whether or not we approach man as basically evil, neither good nor evil, or basically good, significantly influences our relationships with him. The Latter-day Saint knowledge that man is a child of God with divinelike attributes in his human nature, develops the desire and capacity within us to approach man with acceptance and love and understanding. Upon such creative and harmonious relationships can the foundation of a world at peace be built.

Closely related to both of these was our consideration of man's relatedness to the world. Once again, the Latter-day Saint doctrine of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man helps to widen our religious horizons and helps us more effectively to live spiritually in the Nuclear Age.

Considering the various stages of religious development may have been a new experience for many of us. If so, we hope that it will have contributed to our understanding and effectiveness as parents and teachers in more appropriately timing the presentation of religious concepts to our children. At the same time, we hope we took a careful look at our own stage of development to see whether we really have reached a mature level or whether or not our development was arrested somewhere along the line in childhood or adolescence.

Since values play such a major role in our lives as well as in our religious philosophy, we focused one lesson on the growth and meaning of values. Serious consideration of this lesson, we hope, helped us carefully examine the values we have, recognize our value conflicts, and evaluate how adequately we have internalized the values which we feel are most important. Developing and growing values both for ourselves and for our children present one of our greatest responsibilities. Once again, as was true with maturity, we recognized that values are never completely grown and the process finished, but that we should

constantly be exploring, modifying, and enlarging our values.

Our great responsibility in connection with values is the way in which religious values may be grown within the framework of the home and family. Children's "valuing" experiences come primarily in early childhood. The family as a character-forming agent was acknowledged, and the responsibility of the home in this respect emphasized. We recognized that in order for an individual to develop permanent values of high quality, he must first have developed a value for himself and the dignity of man. We hope, of course, that as we develop our values that this, too, will contribute to broadening our horizons and build into us a flexibility which will help us meet the challenges of a complex and rapidly changing world.

Because we are rearing our children for tomorrow as well as for today; because we realize that the world is changing more rapidly than ever before, and that the rate of change seems to be increasing at an unbelievable pace, our challenge is all the more overwhelming. We see the future when we look into the faces of our children and if we take our responsibilities seriously, we realize that the future is in our hands because we as parents are bringing up the children who will make it.

Trust

Abundant living is predicated upon a trust and confidence in oneself, a feeling of worthiness, a sense of one's ability to do the right thing, the feeling that one is growing and developing at a reasonable rate, and although one always recognizes room for improvement, a sense of satisfaction that one is doing the best he can with what he has.

It must also be based upon a sense of trust in one's fellow man so that he can approach him expecting him to do the right thing, to do the best he can at all times, considering his present circumstances, his training, his experiences.

And, finally, abundant living must be built upon a trust in God, a feeling of mutual love, a sense of partnership in helping to make this world a better place in which to live, in which one truly believes that one is engaged in helping God to "bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

Inner-Satisfaction

A genuine sense of inner-satisfaction results from tangible evidence that one is progressing, growing, developing, truly *experiencing*. It does not truly result in the kind of peace of mind in which one tries mentally to discard all of his personal problems and those of the world as he might try to dump his refuse over the side of the ship into the ocean, or by handing over the responsibilities of personal, community, and national problems to other people by saying, "Let George do it." But rather inner-satisfaction results in realizing that one is accepting his share of responsibility, that he is exerting every possible effort to prepare himself to meet the challenges which confront him, particularly in the world of ideas.

Robert P. Crawford remarked, "The tragedy of life is not lack of brain power or education, but doing so little with what we have." And Roger Bacon's motto was, "Take nothing for granted; use your own

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eyes and test all new theories with your own hands."

Perhaps the concept of inner-satisfaction is most adequately summarized in the statement, "You may have your peace of mind, I will take my comfortable unrest."

Feeling at Home in the World

There are many who feel that throughout the world today there exists a profound unrest, growing perhaps from a sense of rootlessness in which the individual feels lost in the universe of gigantic forces beyond his control. Is the space age to mean nothing more to a child than an exciting game or his form of fiction? Does science exist just to help us get ahead of other nations? We must have a clear definition of man's role so that we may more effectively transmit what we believe and at the same time encourage the child to find his own answer to man's fundamental question, where do I take my stand?

The atom is potentially dangerous, to be sure. So are steam, electricity, and, for that matter, the wrath, despair, and ignorance of human beings. What do we do about potential dangers? Do we bury our heads in the sand, hoping that they will vanish like mirages or wishing that we had never discovered their existence, or do we blithely disregard their trend? We do neither. We face dangers, try to learn as much as possible about them so we can make them subject to our mastery.

There is no way to give children an absolute sense of security, but there are ways of equipping them as best we can for mastering themselves and learning to feel at home in the world.

Genuine Concern and Love for Fellow Man

The great text for our times and for our children is that the deepening of one's own religious faith should lead to more, not less respect for the religion of others. It is the parents who mold the character of their children. It is they who set the example and demonstrate the validity of the professed values. It is necessary, then, for parents to probe deeply themselves into their own faith. Do they obey the commandment given by the Savior ". . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Mt. 19:19)?

Have they opened their lives and the lives of their children to new and different experiences? Do they feel that it is exciting to greet newcomers and strangers, or do they look them over cautiously and suspiciously in order to discover whether they are "like us" or not.

True spiritual living and achieving a world at peace, growing the truly Christian values within us necessitate a genuine concern and love for our fellow men. Only by developing this quality can we experience the potentialities of our Godlike characteristics.

Working Philosophy of Life

If an individual will once begin to think about the wonder of his life and the links which connect him with the life that fills the world, he cannot help but develop a respect and appreciation and reverence for life. As a result of this, he may experience deeper concern, greater anxiety, more distress over unpleasant elements in the world and in the lives of many people, but, at the same time, life will be richer, more beautiful, and happier. It will become, instead of mere living, a real experience of life.

Living abundantly today and living spiritually in the Nuclear Age require a solid foundation of religious convictions. We need a conviction of trust in God, a belief that God has created us good and wants each one of us to find and to cherish his own goodness and the goodness in others. This truth will not be found in mysteries, or in someone else taking responsibility for us, but rather through our efforts of self-realization and preparing ourselves to live a religion of maturity, love, and understanding of God and his children.

Summary

Our goal is spiritual living in a Nuclear Age. Our reward for successfully accomplishing this is abundant living today and always. Our contribution that of helping God achieve the goals which he has established for his children in this estate and in this dispensation. As we conclude this series of lessons and face with renewed vigor the challenge upon which we have focused, may we keep the following quotation from an unknown author foremost in our minds.

One life and one alone we have to live upon this earth.
One life in which to learn so much—to seek and find and prove our worth.
So many dreams there are to dream . . . so many things to know and do.
So many rosy peaks to climb . . . so many pathways to pursue.

So waste no time on fruitless quests that get you nowhere in the end.
The God of Time is yours to squander or with care to use and spend.
It's folly to postpone good deeds. Tomorrow never comes they say.
The future times belong to God. Your only chance is now . . . today.

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Note to a Loved One

Mabel Jones Gabbott

So many, many moments, I have longed
To see you, share your talk, know your smile,
Since that warm day when angels thronged
Our home and took you for a little while.

I thought the sun would never more be gay,
The world would break its pace, but summer passed;
I moved along with life until that day
I saw your gold chrysanthemums massed

Against the wall; and now, again, tonight,
As needles click the scarlet wool in form,
Sharply, suddenly, a snowflake's flight
Recalls your pleasure in a first snowstorm.

There never seems an end to missing you,
But somehow you are nearer when I do.

New Stockings from Old Ones

Shirley Thulin

HERE is a new twist to an age old art — a way to make "new" stockings from those too worn to be of any apparent use. Cut the heel out of the stocking in a sort of triangle shape (Figure 1), then turn the sock wrong side out and, pulling the edges of the cut together, sew a seam on your machine (or if by hand, be sure to make small stitches so as to catch the threads well).

When the stocking is turned right side out, the seam you just made becomes the front of the stocking and hits the foot just across the front of the ankle (Figure 2) while the front part of the sock, where all the good strong material is, becomes the heel, ready to give a lot of good "mileage."

Figure 1 Figure 2

Mountain Child

Shirley N. Howard

Hold fast,
Mountain child,
To those green-filled
Crevasses of mind.
Find
Rest from granite earth
In remembered meadows
Soft with grass.
Shade
Eyes that burn
From the ever sun
In light
Cool
And leaf filtered.
Turn
From the whine
Of the sand wind
And listen deep—
For there
The songs
Of long ago birds
Linger.
Lean
Against high walls
Of parent stone
And feel renewed
To face
The thorn world.
Hold fast,
Mountain child,
For therein
Lies
Your strength.

WINTER GARDEN IN MY CABIN

Maude Rubin

Wind stalks the open mesa,
Scatters the leather leaves
Of scrub-oak in the canyon,
Yet this weathered pinion gives
Its richness of pitch and plenty
To the chill of my cabin night,
While the delicate logs of aspen
Bloom in a blue and white
Garden of winter lupin,
Smoke sweet as a clovered May. . . .
So I close the door on winter,
Welcome summer in to stay.

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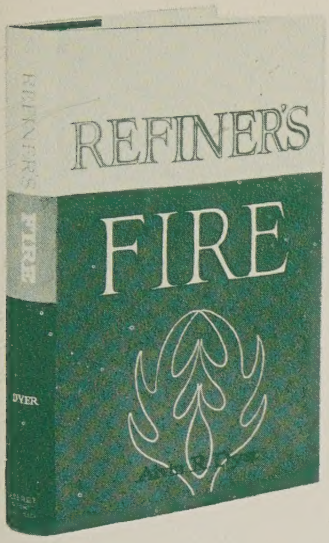

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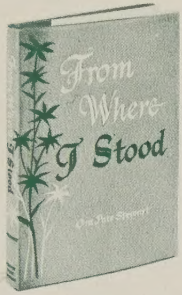

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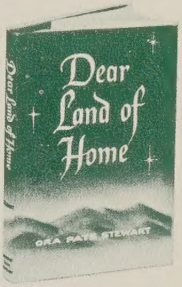

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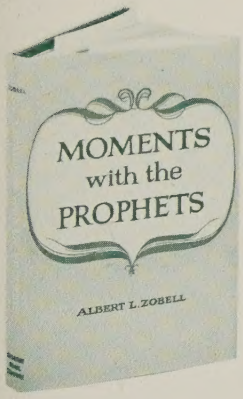

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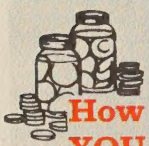

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